Saturday Review

JULY 18, 1953 / 20¢

ic Ambler, author of
The Schirmer Inheritance."
ee page 11)

MY DEBT TO ARNOLD BENNETT
By John van Druten

LODGE of the U. N.: Part II
By John Mason Brown

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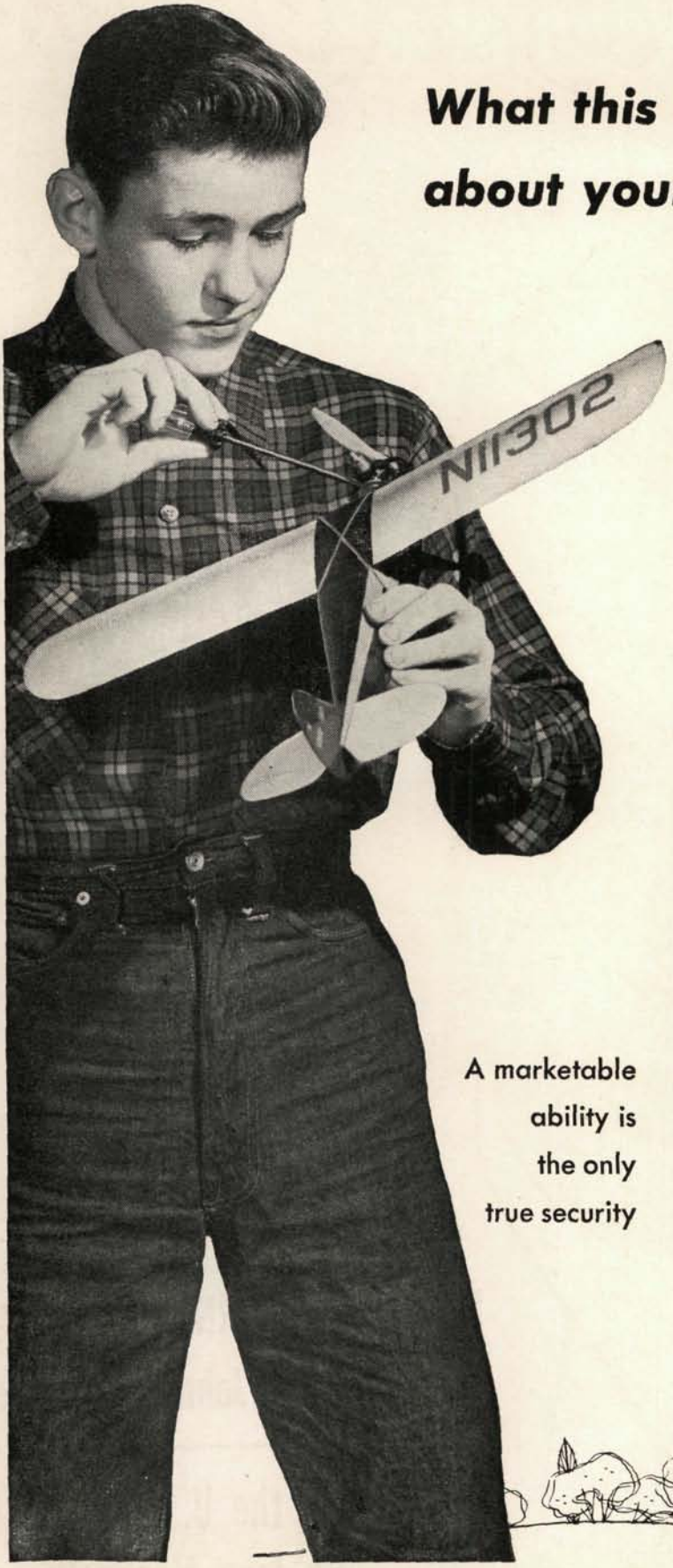
What this boy can tell you about your own child's future



A marketable ability is the only true security

Even at his age, this boy knows that the only true security a man can have is a marketable ability—knowledge and training that industry wants, needs and is ready to buy.

For that reason, he is studying mathematics and the physical sciences in high school to equip himself for college engineering and enter business with a special skill. These studies are every high school student's open door to the great opportunities engineering and science offers youth today.

Next June, 23,000 engineering graduates will enter their profession where starting salaries are high. Some of them will process and package foods, some will design airplanes, some will set out in search of oil or go into manufacturing or invent new machines. They will lay out stores and factories, build new roads, plan whole towns. Many of them will become technically-trained salesmen.

All of them will be doing useful work, all will have a good chance for steady employment and advancement. Many will enter their own business. Their specialized, professional training will be needed for years to come to meet this generation's tremendous shortage of trained engineering personnel.

Don't foreclose on your child's future. See that he takes the high school courses that will qualify him to study engineering if he cares to when he reaches college age. For information, see your high school math or science teacher, guidance counsellor, the personnel department at your place of business, a prominent engineer in your community, or write to The Saturday Review, Department B, 25 West 45 Street, New York 36, New York, for the free booklet, "Engineering As A Career."

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The Saturday Review

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Time for a Checkup?

Who knows, maybe it is. You get checkups on everything else — your health, the kids, your car.

So why not your investments, too?

After all, times change—and so do security values. The stocks you bought five years ago may have been just fine for your purposes *then* — but what about now?

Maybe your objectives have changed.

Maybe other stocks offer far better opportunities.

Maybe there are definite weak spots here and there in your portfolio.

That's why we think every investor should get a good financial checkup from time to time . . . find out just what his investment program looks like to a practiced, impartial observer.

And if you'd like to know what *we* think of the stocks you own, we'll be happy to tell you.

Our Research Department will mail you an objective review of your present portfolio, give you all the facts they can about any particular stocks you may want to buy or sell, or prepare a complete investment program for any sum, any objective.

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YOU could have SAVED this little girl!

"The little girl I found covered with maggots and nearly starved on a street in Seoul last week is there again today. She is in the same cramped position, lying on her side in the street. But this time she is dead." So reports 1st Lt. Charles Vogel in a U.P. dispatch. He states that she was taken into an orphanage but there wasn't room for her and, "Then they turned her out from the orphanage." He goes on to explain that when he first saw her, "Of course she wasn't dead then. She could brush off some of the flies with one hand. She could do nothing about the maggots. Her chances weren't good but it seems to me she could have been saved if anybody had wanted to save her."

We do not know what orphanage refused to keep this child. We are glad it was not a Christian Children's Fund orphanage. But before anybody condemns whatever orphanage it was, let's face stern, cruel facts. They reduce down to just one hard fact. If you haven't the room and if you haven't the money to make the room, if you haven't the food and if you haven't the money to buy the food—then you are helpless and have got to let the maggots finish the job for a homeless, friendless, sick child.

The little girl's life could have been saved—just as many other children have been saved — by being cared for in a Christian Children's Fund orphanage. In addition to the 5,000 children in 30 CCF Korean orphanages, Christian Children's Fund assists children in orphanages in the following countries: Borneo, Brazil, Burma, Finland, Formosa, Hong Kong, India, Indochina, Indonesia, Italy, Japan, Jordan, Lapland, Lebanon, Malaya, Mexico, Okinawa, Pakistan, Philippines, Puerto Rico, Switzerland, United States and Western Germany.

You can "adopt" a child in any one of these countries for ten dollars a month and the child's name, address, picture and case history will be furnished. Correspondence with your child is invited—Smaller gifts are equally welcome—God sees not the coin but the heart that gives it.

For information write: **Dr. J. Calvitt Clarke**

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I wish to "adopt" a boy ☐ ☐ girl for one year in .....
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I will pay $10 a month ($120 a year). Enclosed is payment for the full year ☐ first month ☐. Please send me the child's name, story, address and picture. I understand that I can correspond with the child. Also, that there is no obligation to continue the adoption.
I cannot "adopt" a child but want to help by giving $.....

Please send me further information.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... ZONE.....

STATE.....

Gifts are deductible from income tax.

Good News

▶ Mr. William Gray, worker in the Port Sunlight, Cheshire, England, factory of Lever Bros., two years ago made a fifty-word suggestion which he thought might save his firm money. The other day he was handed a check for 1,000 pounds by the chairman of the firm. The idea worked!

▶ Scientists have discovered a 3,00[illegible] year-old doodle scratched into a cl[illegible] account tablet found in the ruins o[illegible] Mycenae, Greece. A little dancing figure is scratched into the margin beside the numbers, obviously drawn by an ancient Greek businessman with his mind on other things. It is good news to know that businessmen sometimes became distracted even in the slower tempo of 3,000 years ago.

▶ The Editor of *The Daily Bulletin* in Endicott, N. Y., has pointed out to his fellow townsmen that freedom requires some trust, charity, and sensitivity to the feelings of others. He had been publishing some rancorous letters about the town's teachers from certain readers, until he heard it was undermining the teachers' morale. Then he chided the hecklers: "Freedom in Endicott depends on one thing. It requires that we trust one another. Since we all have faults, this trust depends on something else—that we exercise a little understanding and a little more charity toward one another."

▶ In order to be a better host to delegates of all races attending the Assembly of the World Council of Churches in August 1954, thirty civic groups in Evanston, Illinois, have conducted a community-wide inventory of human relations. By projecting its goals and progress, this Chicago suburb hopes within the year to make its practices in race relations more in harmony with its professions before it becomes the first meeting place of the World Council in the United States.

▶ Port Angeles, Washington, is the latest and largest Washington town to climb on the "Democracy Is You" bandwagon, driven by the University of Washington's Bureau of Community Development. "Democracy Is You" is the title of Richard W. Poston's detailed guide to citizen action, recently published by Harpers. It describes how citizens can make an intensive and systematic study of life in their own communities to learn how they may improve it culturally, economically, socially, and spiritually. The Bureau of Community Development acts as consultant.

—Donald Harrington.

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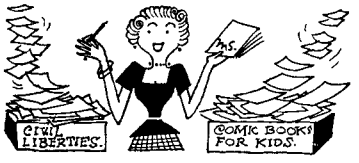
TRADE Winds

WELL, OKAY, here we go again with TRADE WINDS, this time for eleven consecutive blows, while Bennett Cerf has himself a long and (possibly) well-deserved vacation.

In 1952, my adding machine tells me, I also took over for eleven columns, but in two bunches, five in late winter, six in late summer. One hideous result of this hit-and-run tactic was that by the time the letter-writers among you got through procrastinating and took to pen or portable, my final column for that particular stretch was practically on the linotype. This summer offers you a bit more leeway.

Survey: Judging from the lively mail sent by you articulate, contentious, and energetic readers during my two stand-in sessions last year, there are at least two topics guaran-



teed to throw you into the throes of self-expression. One is civil liberties; the other, comic books for kids.

Oh well, I still have enough gumption to write freely about comic books.

LIBRARIANS IN THE SOVIET Zone of East Germany, reports Harvey Breit in his lively Sunday *Times* book page, recently received a ukase ordering them to purge their shelves of all books "remotely hostile to Communist ideology," hostile being defined as "unscientific, pacifist, militarist, cosmopolitan, objectivist, or opportunist." Those beastly totalitarians!

SHE SHALL HAVE MUSIC . . . When Daphne DuMaurier's best-selling book of short stories, "Kiss Me Again, Stranger," was about to be published in March, Doubleday's then advertising manager, Robert Preyer, opined in executive conference that the title ought to make a real catchy song. Maybe, he said, a ballad-type song about a guy who's been away for a year and has just come back to his love. Editor Ken McCormick thought so too, and phoned Goddard Lieberson, vice president of Columbia Records, who thought so too. Mr. Lieberson called in Mitch Miller, arbiter of decisions about what will be in the groove and what won't, and Mr. Miller thought so too. He phoned a lady composer named Chilton Price, who had just hit the juke boxes hard with "You Belong to Me." Miss Price thought so too.

Still thinking, and with songstress Doris Day in mind, she sat down and composed "Kiss Me Again, Stranger," just released. The Columbia Record people confidently—not confidentially at all—predict a huge sale for the record, proudly dubbing it "one of the sexiest songs ever."

All of which leads to a horrendous possibility new to the world of authors. Just imagine the shock any normal novelist would feel if somebody piped up and said, "I haven't read your book, but I sing it every time I take a shower."

FREUD'S FAMILY and Freud's hitherto secret letters have helped one of the world's leading psychoanalysts, Dr. Ernest Jones, in his writing of "The Life and Work of Sigmund Freud." It will be in three volumes; the first, subtitled "The Formative Years and The Great Discoveries," deals with Freud's first forty-four years, from 1856 to 1900, and will appear early this fall under the imprint of Basic Books, Inc.

As for me, I had never heard of Basic Books, Inc., and my curiosity was aroused about how come a fairly unknown firm should be the one to publish a work as major as this first definitive biography of one of mankind's Greats. It turns out that Basic Books is indeed a new house, having begun publishing only three years ago, mostly technical books, including new editions of unavailable writings in the field of psychology and psychiatry. But back in 1949 the firm's president, Arthur Rosenthal, learning

about the projected work on Freud, began taking trips to England to see Dr. Ernest Jones. Mr. Rosenthal explained that Dr. Jones approves of the publishing principles of his firm, and that's how it all came about. In England the three volumes will be published by Hogarth Press.

Ernest Jones knew Sigmund Freud personally as well as professionally for many years, and together with Princess Marie Bonaparte, descendant

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INVISIBLE MAN

"I AM AN INVISIBLE MAN" is the provocative opening sentence of this year's National Book Award Winner, INVISIBLE MAN, the blazing first novel by Ralph Ellison that won critical and commercial acclaim in its Random House edition. This month it appears as a 50¢ Signet Double Volume, and like many reprints, seems even more pertinent today than when it originally appeared, because time has proved the validity of its observations about American life.

IN accepting the 1953 National Book Award for Fiction, Ralph Ellison said, "If I were asked . . . what I considered to be the chief significance of INVISIBLE MAN I would reply . . . its attempt to return to the mood of personal moral responsibility for democracy which typified the best of our 19th Century fiction."

THE National Newspaper Publisher's Association cited INVISIBLE MAN as an "outstanding achievement for its concept of democratic principles."

AND the *Chicago Defender*, noted Negro newspaper, hailed INVISIBLE MAN for "symbolizing the best in democracy".

THOUGHTFUL men and women in many communities—civic and religious leaders, educators and librarians—are already planning how they will use the inexpensive Signet edition of INVISIBLE MAN in their own programs for promoting better understanding between groups.

The New American Library hopes that *Saturday Review* readers will share our sense of pride in adding this fine book to the wide list of distinguished fiction and non-fiction now available to the audience for mass distributed books in Signet and Mentor editions.

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This is the story of Throckmorton Crunch
Who ate biscuits for dinner and dry crusts for lunch.
Though his money rolled in like the oil from a geyser
Old Throckmorton C. was a tight-fisted miser.

He saved up his nickels, he hoarded his dimes,
And he paid not a cent in pursuit of good times.
In pawn shops, at auctions, from Maine out to Oregon
Old Throckmorton Crunch hunted down every *boregon.*

So Throckmorton C. grew richer and older,
Then he read in an ad (over somebody's shoulder)
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"At these rockbottom rates it's a pleasure to buy
Especially for one who loves money like I."
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of you know who—that unanalyzed fellow!—and with a dozen of Freud's other disciples, ex-patients, colleagues, and admirers was active in arranging for the escape of the Freud family from Vienna after the Nazi Anschluss. For the biography Dr. Jones had to win the consent of Freud's family, rather a feat in itself, since all living Freuds had been opposed to any invasion of Sigmund Freud's private life. There were, it appears, thousands of his unpublished letters, containing Heaven knows what fascinating material. Dr. Jones had access to this treasure, and much of it will make its first appearance in his monumental work.

Volume I will have a first printing here of 10,000, and sell for $6.75, but a special edition of 250 copies, signed by Dr. Ernest Jones, was offered to the analysts and psychiatrists of the U. S. at $12.50—and was grabbed up in its entirety.

All pretty exciting news, isn't it, analysands?

IN A VULGAR reportorial mood last summer, I asked various people in the know how much *Life* magazine had paid Ernest Hemingway for publishing "The Old Man and the Sea" in its Labor Day issue. The figure that tingled my ear was $65,000, but before offering it to you non-vulgar readers I checked at *Life* with what that magazine would be first to dub a bigwig, and then with a quite considerable wig at Scribner's, Hemingway's publishers. In each case I said, "Look, I know you can't come right out and confirm that $65,000 but if it's way out of line, please don't let me make an utter fool of myself in TRADE WINDS!" Reassured by each wig, and feeling pretty smug and scoopy, I used the $65,000.

A week later out came *Variety,* I think it was, saying Hemingway had received $45,000. Out came *Time,* saying its sister publication had forked over "a sum in excess of $30,000." Out came various columnists —and in I went, hiding my head under the nearest carpet.

But recently a friend of mine was talking about a wonderful visit he had just had with Hemingway and referred to "the $65,000 *Life* paid him." "How do you know it was $65,000?" I demanded sharply. Looking at me with surprise, he said, "Why, because Ernest told me so." I felt great.

Nevertheless, I didn't even pick up a reportorial phone about the material arrangements behind *Life*'s publication, a few days ago, of James Michener's short novel "The Bridges at Toko-ri." This time I was far more interested in the decision of Mr. Michener's publishers, Random House, to rush 35,000 copies of the book to the bookstores for sale seventy-two hours after *Life* hit the newsstands. "We are benefiting," Bennett Cerf explained in a letter to the trade, "by the lesson learned through the publication of the Hemingway book in *Life*—when the critics were so excited that they printed their reviews long before copies of the book were ready."

An advance copy of the book, sent to me special delivery, arrived only two hours ago. It's a bit longer than "The Old Man and the Sea," running to 147 pages. I have read only the opening forty pages, and can report that those forty are terrific. I can also report that the opening sentence made me think, "For Pete's sake, has *Life* gone sea-crazy or what?" The opening words are: "The sea was bitter cold."

WITH THE ACRID SMOKE of burned books strangling millions of us, it's like a breath of good air to read about a new organization, The American Activities Committee, formed recently in San Antonio, Texas, during a frenzied period this spring when a fierce-eyed little group of citizens out there was screaming for the "branding" or burning of 600 assorted books, when other fierce-eyeds were denying a Methodist Church to Methodist Bishop Oxnam and to a group of visiting Quakers, and when every other kind of so-called patriotic shrilling was deafening the Texas birds on the Texas trees.

The new group, headed by a San Antonio writer, Mary Sien Halfpenny, and by the redoubtable Maury Maverick, has a membership that is a wonderful hodgepodge of all kinds of people, businessmen and professionals, rich, poor, old, young, liberal, conservative. During the recent hysterics the new AAC went calling on clubs and newspapers and business organizations. The Quakers were finally offered more churches than they needed, Bishop Oxnam was invited to speak—by the Rotarians of San Antonio—and all the newspapers out there, says Maury Maverick, including Hearst's, "turned Jeffersonian and beat their drums for a free library."

The new committee states that its purpose is to defend "freedom of religion, thought, press and publication, assembly, individual liberty, dissemination of information, the promotion of American holidays and the traditional American sense of humor."

American Activities Committee, I love you. How about some chapters in the other forty-seven states?

—LAURA Z. HOBSON.

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MY DEBT TO ARNOLD BENNETT

By JOHN VAN DRUTEN

The critical deep-freeze to which most literary figures are relegated immediately after their death seems to be thawing in the case of Arnold Bennett. Reginald Pound's recent biography of Bennett [SR *April 25*], *W. Somerset Maugham's reminiscences of his older confrere in "The Vagrant Mood," and the following article by John van Druten all point to a revival of interest in a once-neglected writer. Mr. Van Druten is a highly successful playwright known throughout the English-speaking world for his long-run hit "The Voice of the Turtle."*

A FEW years ago a young actor, aged about twenty-five, came to see me at my New York hotel. The radio was playing Gilbert and Sullivan's "Trial by Jury." When I switched it off, he said to me: "I suppose those boys were the Rodgers and Hammersteins of your young days." I was not sure that he was serious in the remark, and that he was not overestimating my age by twenty-five years merely as a joke, but when I challenged him he assured me he had spoken in complete sincerity. To him, as I suppose to most people, anything that happened before his birth has a dateless quality about it, a kind of undifferentiated permanence. Have all the big figures of my youth merged with the Victorians, if they have not been wholly forgotten?

In the late 1920's Rebecca West wrote an article in which she listed the names of four men who "all our youth hung about the houses of our minds like Uncles, the big four: H. G. Wells, George Bernard Shaw, John Galsworthy, and Arnold Bennett." That is a goodly list. Then one starts to wonder over the permanence of the Uncles. I am still pretty sure over Shaw: I am less sure about Wells, though his humor must have an enduring quality: I am doubtful over Galsworthy, though I think "The Forsyte Saga" is a good bet for a while: but my doubts over Bennett are what trouble me. To what extent is he now known at all?

He has been dead for twenty-three years. He was a popular writer, and the records of his visit to the United States in 1911 are a list of adulations. He wrote enormously, so much that it may be the extent of his output that is against him, especially as it is so clearly divisible into two classes. What is by far the smaller one seems to me to rank as fine art, and the greatly larger to emerge as pot-boiling triviality. When, about fifteen years ago, I started re-collecting a library that had to be heavily limited by my shelfspace, I restricted myself to eight of Bennett's novels, a couple of plays, and the volumes of his diaries. These seemed to me to contain all that I would want to re-read of his work. I was excluding more than twenty other novels, a number of plays, and all the books on self help, literary taste, and kindred subjects. Bennett never stopped writing. It was more than a trade, it was almost an itch with him.

There were really two men in Bennett. There was the writer, and there was the public figure who had grown so mysteriously from the poor and misplaced boy in the Potteries into the man with the cocky front comb of gray hair, the much-advertised evening shirts and dress-suit fobs, the literary reviewer, a 1920 prolongation of a figure from the Nineties whom I feel myself fortunate to have known slightly. I would like to take a little time on each of these figures. I first remem-

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ber the novelist from his best-known work, "The Old Wives' Tale." I was young when I read it and I was greatly impressed. I have re-read it two or three times since and I am still impressed. But I cannot be sure to what extent my admiration is colored, as by a dye that cannot ever be wholly removed, by my impressionability as well as my age when I first met it, by its reputation during my literary adolescence, and the whole smell of its period which is still to me a great one.

THE book is the story of two sisters, born and raised in Bursley, one of the Five Pottery towns in Staffordshire, England. These were Bennett's home towns, and his greater successes were earned as the Five Towns novelist. He depicted their dirt, their squalor, their narrow-mindedness, their provincialism, and he found and communicated an odd romance and magic from them. This was his greatest capacity, a reaching for a quality of wonder in commonplace surroundings, an enrichment that comes from delving into the essence of all that is everyday, habitual, and conventional, and seeing it transfigured. There is a scene that remains in the memory of everyone who has read the book. One of the girls and her cheap lover stand on a railway embankment and look down at some navvies working below them.

I have just looked at the scene again. It uses no more than a few lines of description, and there is no effort at fine writing, hardly even an effort to achieve a special effect. My memory of the scene, and my present encounter with it, suggest that its power comes not from within itself, but from somewhere else, from a quality in Bennett, a personal identification with his characters and the ordinary magic of their lives.

It was E. M. Forster who said that the hero of this book was Time. From the moment that we meet the sisters we know that old age and death are ahead of them, that that is where the book must end, and that we are to be spared none of it. There is a scene near the end where the lover, of whom Sophia has heard nothing since he left her more than thirty years ago, has died, and she goes to see his body at a relative's house. The description of the corpse, the aging of the body that she knew as that of a young lover, the passage of so many years that are empty of significance to her, years that have made him poor and shabby and desolate—these are the points at which Bennett is aiming. It is a superb scene. It lacks any quality of romance, of speculation on anything beyond the inexorability of the clock. Any mystery or poetry that death is apt to bring out of writers. It is the statement of an ugly and inevitable fact. But it has wonder in it.

Bennett was always facing the wonder of the actualities of living. It was wonderful to him that we live as we do, that time will pass and change us, that we will die and perhaps die painfully, that life is what it is. He never decorates or embroiders. He is wholly materialistic. Common sense is the salt of his plate. We are never swept away, but we are curiously won over, and we, too, are filled with wonder at the slow unspinning of life. Perhaps there is poetry in Bennett after all.

Of the other books that I have, three are the volumes in the trilogy of the Clayhanger family. "Clayhanger" itself, the first of them, is a more somber, grayer book than its predecessor, "The Old Wives' Tale." I suspect it is a better book, a solider book, more deeply rooted and more touching. It, too, is all set in the Five Towns, and it enlarges that permanent, moving world for us there. The early history of Darius Clayhanger, the family father, with his childhood of horrifying work in the potteries, his one ghastly day in the workhouse from which he was miraculously rescued by the Sunday School superintendent, Mr. Shushions, and the incident, years later, when Mr. Shushions, a feeble and tedious old man, is introduced to Clayhanger's son and is touched to tears by the sight of the finely growing boy, these are deeply touching. They are written without the melodramatic power that Dickens would have given the same scenes, a power that might have made them more memorable, but not as truthful. As they are, they exist as truth for ever.

—Bettmann Archive.

H. G. Wells and Bennett, by Beerbohm.

THE quality of Bennett's style was always a trouble. It is either faintly flat, or it is swept too high in its own exclamatory wonderment. Edwin Clayhanger hears some glee-singing in a public house. "It was majestic, terrific, and overwhelming. Many bars before the close Edwin was thrilled, as by an exquisite and vast revelation. He tingled from head to foot." The singing is followed by a clog-dance by a woman. Edwin watches it, while "the blood swept into his face, a hot tide. He was ravished, but he was also staggered." We cannot help feeling that the words and the emotions are the author's, keyed above Edwin. And then Edwin reflects "dazzled by the unforeseen chances of existence: 'Yesterday I was at school—and to-day I see this.'" And there we feel accuracy, exactness, and the magic of truth. And if we have paused earlier over the words, their exaggeration, noticing the exclamation points that dot the pages, it is only for a chapter that we shall do so. After that the book will have carried us away to the point of forgetting that there is such a thing as style at all.

The other two books of the trilogy are slightly less good, though "Hilda Lessways" translates the same power of wonderment into the extraordinary fact of being a woman. Beyond these there is "Riceyman Steps," which I can remember being published in 1923 when Bennett's reputation as an artist was at a low ebb. It re-established him where he had so prominently belonged, as a novelist of genius. There a few comedy novels and two plays, of which "Milestones" (written in collaboration with Edward Knoblock, though Bennett would seem to have done most of the work) still seems to me a very fine one, and oddly up-to-date in an art form that becomes old-fashioned more speedily than any other.

There is Bennett, the writer, skilful, deeply feeling, shrewd, workmanlike, and solid. I first set eyes on the social Bennett at a party given on the stage of the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, when he sat at a piano and sang the old West-Country folk-song "Zuckin' zider through a straw." I had heard of

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President Eisenhower and Lodge [illegible] in collective [illegible]

MAN WITH A MISSION: PART II

Lodge of the U. N.

By JOHN MASON BROWN

THE Lodge some of us first met at Harvard in the early Twenties was already absorbed in politics. He was a smiling young man of positive opinions. The fight over the League of Nations was still in the air, which meant that Lodge, though popular, was a center of controversy in the Yard inasmuch as he not only bore his grandfather's name but had inherited his convictions. Lodge did not duck the issue. He made himself heard in no uncertain terms, and it was just as certain that he would be heard from in the future. He was quick of mind, quick to laugh, and quick to plunge into an argument.

He was an extrovert, cocksure in a community of youths many of whom were equally confident, yet he had depths, even as they did, which he took pains to hide. Although seldom seen studying, he always had the required knowledge. No one would have guessed from his relaxed manner and his undergraduate activities that, in order to complete the usual four years in three, he was carrying extra courses. But he was. And, though he chose to wait until 1924 to be graduated (*cum laude*) with his class, he was already at work as a reporter on the *Boston Transcript* during what would ordinarily have been his senior year.

Among his classmates who were to become well known were such authors as Ogden Nash, Oliver La Farge, and Van Wyck Mason; such an editor as *This Week*'s W. I. Nichols; Bobby Jones, the golfer; and Corliss Lamont, whose disputes with Lodge, since they already disagreed about almost everything, used to set fire to the talk at Harvard's conversational paradise, the Signet Society.

Lodge was known to his contemporaries as a person who liked or disliked people with the same intensity with which they liked or disliked him. He had his other likes. He liked to row on the Charles with his class crew. He liked parties and dances. He liked to act, especially in French with the *Cercle Français*. He liked to write occasionally, as when in his final year he attacked starry-eyed idealists in an article, called "Political Sentimentalists," which he wrote for the *Advocate*. He liked to sing (he still does), solo or in close harmony, there being a Whiffenpoof side to him more native to New Haven than Cambridge. Above all, he liked to talk. Talking was his favorite exercise. In this he was not alone. Bull sessions were his meat, political arguments his delight. In the course of them he hit hard and took hard hits, and had the ingratiating quality of enjoying the hits he received as much as those he gave.

ALTHOUGH politics were his preoccupation, Lodge did not have a political career in mind when he turned journalist. Instead, he sought that blessed immunity of the press which guarantees the right to air opinions without assuming the responsibility of action. During his first months on the *Transcript* his was the young reporter's eternal excitement at seeing parts of a city and sides of life hitherto unsuspected.

A letter written me in November 1923 tells about his "having scooped all the Boston papers on a story about the Ku Klux Klan which was run on the right-hand column of the front page." Because of this story Lodge was flattered to receive a note from a Klansman, warning him he had better keep quiet, or else. Lodge's answer was to make some more investigations, to pretend he wanted to join the Klan, to interview some of its members who were jealous of each other, and then to print three more articles denouncing it. In the midst of such heady experiences he had editorials to turn out and stories of all kinds to write. He even strayed into the realm of esthetics when H. T. Parker, the *Transcript*'s famous drama and music critic, so approved of Lodge's first-night review of Pavlova that he assigned him to cover her for a whole week.

Busy as he was on the *Transcript* and pleased as he was with journalism, Lodge was already beginning to speak on political subjects. In this same letter he describes in detail a speech he delivered to a Young People's Club in the parish house of a church in Roslindale. The audience consisted of sixty girls and forty boys nineteen and twenty years old. It was

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his first speech, and to his surprise he had no tremors and never faltered or stammered.

He talked first about the tariff and then against the League. At one point he walked slowly across to the right side of the platform and, pointing his finger at the audience, said quietly, "All of us here tonight are very young, but the time is not so far when all the young women here will have children. I sincerely hope so." Then, raising his voice, he continued, "I ask any of you here whether you would be willing to send your boy to a distant province to fight for the crimes which some Oriental potentate may have committed." The speech apparently was a success, and Lodge confessed he enjoyed doing it as much as anything he had ever done. He added, "I received four dollars for it, so now I am a professional."

AT the time Lodge turned pro as a speaker he was seeing a great deal of his grandfather, who was one of the outstanding professionals in the annals of American politics. The young Lodge had never known his grandfather when he was not a United States Senator, a person who was a personage, an individual who was a part of history, and a headliner in the world's news that one talked to about family matters. Naturally he was proud of him. He was fond of him, too, because the old gentleman, so formidable in public and implacable as an opponent, could be beguiling. No less naturally, having grown up listening to his grandfather's arguments and sharing his interests, he was influenced by him.

If his father had not died suddenly at thirty-five when Lodge was seven, he would have come under another, very different, but no less strong influence. For George Cabot Lodge, by all accounts, was an extraordinary man. "Bay," as he was called, was a rebel at heart. He was a proper Bostonian who had chosen poetry as a career—in itself an act of daring in those days. Though death denied him fulfilment as a writer, he was a poet of far more than promise when he died. A creator, he was also a scholar, and among his many gifts was a phenomenal aptitude for languages.

George Cabot Lodge's letters, like his poetry, make clear the heat of his perceptions and the dazzling prowess of his intellect. "Abundance" was the word which came to Edith Wharton whenever she tried to describe him. He was one of the lucky, tortured, joyous, questing spirits who are born with a surplus of energies and endowments and give of them freely. When he died even Henry Adams could not speak of him "with the smallest calm." "Bay," wrote Adams, "was my last tie to active sympathy with men. He was the best and finest product of my time and hopes." And Theodore Roosevelt, in his introduction to Lodge's "Poems and Dramas," said, "Of all the men with whom I have been intimately thrown he was the man to whom I could apply the rare name of genius."

AFTER the death of Lodge's father it was his mother, Elizabeth Frelinghuysen Davis, a woman of remarkable character and distinction, who made, and made wisely, the decisions affecting the lives of her three children, Cabot, John, and Helena. She gave them a serene and happy childhood, with summer after summer spent in the pillared house on the cove at Nahant near the secluded point on which the old Senator lived. In spite of her dignity, she giggled like a girl at their jokes, granted them full rein in pursuing their ideas, and treated the wildest youthful talk as if it were conversation worthy of a salon.

In those days, when the radio had not yet taken over, she encouraged reading aloud after dinner, and liked to have young people gather around the piano to sing songs of all kinds, including Gilbert and Sullivan and the "Cautionary Tales." It was she who shaped the education of her children, she who sent the boys to Middlesex, and made the decision, later to prove so contributive to Lodge's effectiveness with the Army, at NATO, and the U.N., to take her daughter and two sons abroad for the winters of 1912 to 1914 and put them in school in Paris where they learned to speak fluent French.

Oddly enough, considering his father, Lodge admits he draws a blank as far as poetry is concerned. He revealed this rather publicly when, in a speech at the U.N., he quoted,

> And those behind cried "Forward!"
> And those in front cried "Back!"

and, to the polite amusement of the London *Times,* attributed these lines to "John Gilpin's Ride" rather than to "Horatius." From his father, however, he did inherit much—his physique, a good deal of that "abundance" Mrs. Wharton mentioned, the same boyish relish for life, and to some extent his gift for languages. In addition to French, Lodge speaks more than fair German, fractional Spanish, and reads Italian.

Politics absorbed Lodge as they had never attracted his father, and his politics, while he was in college and for the first years thereafter, were his grandfather's. The old Senator died in 1924, nine months after Woodrow Wilson. During his last three years, when he was reviled or revered for his successful fight against Wilson's League of Nations, the first Henry Cabot Lodge's relations with his namesake became closer and closer. An austere man, small in size but commanding in manner, he thawed completely when with his grandson. His eyes lighted up at the sight of him and his face, so often haughty in expression, creased into a hundred smiling wrinkles above his pointed beard and flowing mustache. His was the final flattery of treating his grandson not as a grandson but as an equal in knowledge and experience, and talking with him man-to-man about national and international affairs.

The young Lodge had good reasons for being proud of his grandfather, reasons which have been obscured or forgotten by those unable to forgive the Senator for having won his battle against the League. Many disagreed violently with his policies, but none could deny his courage, his skill as a strategist, and the multiplicity of his talents. More than being a practical politician, he was a scholar-author-historian. As such he belonged, even as Wilson and the earlier Roosevelt did, to a race of public servants, now almost extinct in this country, of which Churchill in contemporary England is the most glittering example.

CONSIDERING the crowded life he led, his literary productivity was incredible. His biographies of Hamilton, Webster, and Washington were much admired. He turned out work after work on American history, produced countless monographs, and found time to edit, among other things, *The Federalist,* Andre's "Journal," and a nine-volume collection of the works of Alexander Hamilton. The bitterest of his books, though an able presentation of his own position, was "The Senate and the League of Nations," a subject which the old gentleman and his grandson discussed by the hour.

The struggle between the elder Lodge and Wilson left its permanent scars on history. Although it turned everyone into a partisan, few could have followed it with a keener interest than young Lodge. It was a battle royal from which, in a ringside seat, he learned much about the in-fighting of politics, the sorry fate of the highest of ideals when those who fight for them disregard the political means essential to their realization, and the Senate's adamant deter-

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The Ansbacher Incarnate

Eric Ambler's "The Schirmer Inheritance" *(Alfred A. Knopf. 246 pp. $3) offers fresh evidence that a "new and more serious" Ambler has come out of World War II. Mr. Redman, a long-time student of the novel of mystery and suspense, examines Ambler's development as a literary artist in the essay below.*

By Ben Ray Redman

IN a little more than three years, from 1937 to 1940, Eric Ambler won himself an enviable reputation and many readers with four novels — "Background to Danger," "Cause for Alarm," "A Coffin for Dimitrios," and "Journey Into Fear." These novels were of a kind that was then growing in popularity, but growing with no satisfactory name. They were called novels of suspense, novels of intrigue, thrillers; they were in a way a new type of detective story—for mystery and solution were of their essence—and it could be argued that "The Maltese Falcon" had pointed out the road they were to travel and taught them many traveler's tricks. Their favorite loci were the Continent, particularly Southeastern Europe, and the Levant. Their heroes moved amid the international interests and tensions, the plots and counterplots and murderous skulduggery, that distinguished the years immediately before the Second World War. Their villains vied with one another in picturesqueness, loathsomeness, and eccentricity. Crime on the grand scale flourished in these tales, but no human vileness, however petty, was alien to their pages. Their world was one in which a man was seldom what he seemed, a world of masks-behind-masks, of multiple-bottomed chests, of boxes-within-boxes, of triple deceptions, dark streets, and crooked corridors, where mayhem and killing were routine business, peril was in every breath of air, and improbability was the rule of life.

Danger, mystery, speed—these were the three prime elements. And the narrative formula? Take a hero of reasonably good will, with a commonplace background, fair intelligence, and stout physique; start him off on an innocent enterprise, or perhaps one that he suspects may involve some difficulties and risk; plunge him abruptly into a mysterious, baffling situation, and thereafter into a maze of mysteries, peopled by men and women of uncertain identity and opaque motives; thrust him as close to death as many times and in as many ways as possible; make his escapes miraculous and his good luck fabulous; beat him up as much as you like, but save enough of him to unmask villainy and score at least a partial victory for virtue in the end; pile surprise on surprise, interlace complication with complication; keep the action moving at a pace that is always rapid, but be sure that it shows an additional burst of speed whenever it is most improbable; write at least well enough for the purposes of entertainment—and there you are.

THE kind of story that made Eric Ambler's reputation, while he was enhancing the reputation of the kind, is not, of course, something completely new under the sun. It is, basically, a story of melodramatic adventure, and it has a long genealogy, however unlike the features of the ancestors and those of their living offspring may look at first glance. It can trace its descent from the picaresque novel—in which rogue and hero were one—back through the romances of chivalry—in which knights spent their lives besting giants and monsters and rescuing distressed maidens—back even to the old Milesian tales, rich in fabulous elements, of which "The Golden Ass" was the finest flower.

But the latest fables have, of course, been tailored for our times. Look at the emotive trigger-words in the titles of Mr. Ambler's first four books. What are they? They are "danger," "alarm," "coffin" (*i.e.*, "death"), and "fear." These are, perhaps, the chief trigger-words of the age in which we live;

THE AUTHOR: Next to a good air-conditioner, one of the best devices around for a fast chill these July days is Eric Ambler, a forty-four-year-old Londoner who can concoct a little tingling intrigue faster than you can dial the police. Ambler, a gent with plenty of *agents provocateurs,* Lugers, and just plain old-fashioned murders up his sleeve, has been writing mystery since 1937, after a decade of abrupt careers as an engineer, vaudeville actor, press agent, and copywriter (baby foods, among other things). His mysteries aren't mere backdrops for hoodlums darting about higgledy-piggledy, and anyone looking for a stiff right to the jaw need only mention Mickey Spillane's name in the same breath as Ambler's.

Ambler's intrigue is urbane, his killings sophisticated, his double-crosses sheer artistry. Everyone, it seems, has a good word for Ambler —from José Ferrer, who in a moment of desire once remarked, "What I'd like to find is a play with the pace of a Hitchcock movie and an Ambler novel," to Alfred Hitchcock himself, who has called Ambler "a phenomenon." In London the other day Ambler discussed Nicholas Monsarrat's "The Cruel Sea" (he did the screen play) and "The Schirmer Inheritance" (he felt there are one or two fresh things in it—"fresh for me anyway). "The entertainer in my line of country," Ambler went on, "has had a perplexing ten years. He has seen his villains whip off their false whiskers and stomach padding to become white knights, while his heroes have been busy playing Dorian Gray transformation scenes on the other side of the stage. He has seen his cops changing hats with his robbers and his wildest fantasies transmuted into the most leaden facts. Who can blame him," Ambler wound up, "if he attempts to shift his ground a little and put a foot—well, say a toe then—into the novelist's field?"

—BERNARD KALB.

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and it is quite possible that the wide appeal of the type of fiction we are discussing is based on the fact that it mirrors in miniature—however distortedly, with whatever caricature or exaggeration or absurdity—our present human predicament. Living as we do in the midst of a dark wood, where the right way seems to have been lost, and surrounded on all sides by unknown perils and unspeakable possibilities, it heartens us, or diverts us, to read of a hero who can find a path through the darkness, evade the pitfalls, defy the monsters, and win his way to at least a patch of temporary light.

AFTER writing "Journey Into Fear" (1940), Eric Ambler joined up as a private in the British Army, was commissioned the following year, distinguished himself in a film unit, and—as his publishers tell us—"finished the war as a lieutenant-colonel in charge of the production of all military-training, morale, and education films for the British army." After his return to civilian life, he busied himself with writing and producing motion pictures, and it was not until 1951 that he published another novel. He called it "Judgment on Deltchev," a title that could have led some of his old readers to suspect that this might prove an Ambler novel with a difference. If they did suspect, they were right, for, when they came to read it, they found that this tale of European political intrigue confirmed the promise of its title's key-word. It was slower-paced than its predecessors, more carefully constructed, more patiently documented, more consciously designed to inspire belief—on the whole, more "serious."

"The Schirmer Inheritance" is an even more leisurely performance than "Judgment on Deltchev." It begins with a brief account of the battle of Eylau (1807) and an explanation of how the Dragoons of Ansbach came to be fighting in this battle on the Prussian side; the bulk of the book's earlier chapter is devoted to explanations of the complications of an unusually complicated inheritance case ("A German Dragoon of Napoleon's time," remarks Mr. Sistrom, Philadelphia lawyer, "deserts after a battle and has to change his name. Now here we sit, over a hundred years later and four thousand miles away, wondering how to deal with a situation arising out of that old fact"); and towards the book's close Mr. Ambler takes time to give his readers short lectures on the activities of the Greek Democratic Army of General Markos and the origin and subsequent history of the Internal Macedonian Revolutionary Organization, founded by sixteen men at a meeting in Salonika in the summer of 1896.

Here, indeed, is an Ambler different from the one we have known. The author who used to give the appearance of making up his plots as he went along now charts his course in advance with all the care of a Zola. The happy-go-lucky narrator who used to travel with so little explanatory luggage now goes heavy laden, holding his passport and other credentials always in public view. The old Ambler reader who has come to "The Schirmer Inheritance" in search of danger, alarm, death, and fear has to wait until page 157, in a book of 246 pages—and fruitlessly criss-cross Europe, in the quest of a missing heir, with George Carey and his enigmatic translator, Miss Kolin—before he runs into a hint of danger or a spot of excitement, except in historical retrospect. After that things pick up quite a bit, there is even a surprise or two, and a couple of characters worth a glance, but there are no further complications, the plot does not thicken, everything ends with a dying fall, and the story is finally tied up in a tight little package with exemplary neatness.

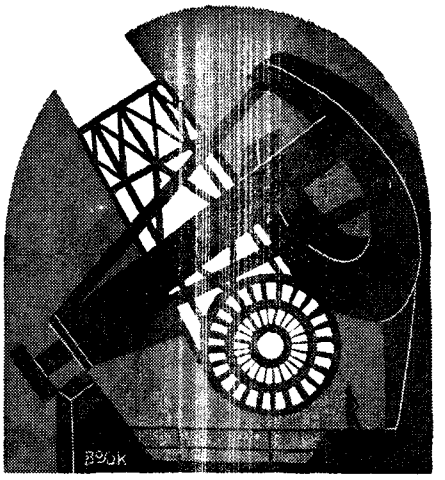
Mr. Ambler has never written better than he has written in the course of this novel, or composed a more truly ingenious tale, and it is probable that with practice he will learn to carry his newly acquired literary luggage more lightly and unobtrusively; learn to dissolve necessary background facts into the bloodstream of his narrative.

Whether or not he is now treading in the footsteps of Graham Greene—and is on his way from the irresponsible world of "entertainments" to that of serious fiction—it will, I think, be interesting to follow him in whatever direction he chooses to take. But if there are any old fans of his who after reading "The Schirmer Inheritance" say they are not interested, one can only suggest that they curl up once again with "Background to Danger," "Cause for Alarm," "A Coffin for Dimitrios," and "Journey Into Fear."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1007)

ROB'T HENRIQUES:
A STRANGER HERE

The old man—his labourer, his companion, his contemporary—was now rubbing his thighs with the flats of his hands. "When you finds yourself forgetting your age," said he, "just you take a look at your wife—that's what I tell meself. They age quicker'n us."



Napoleon of Atoms

Gerald Kersh's "The Secret Masters" *(Ballantine Books. 225 pp. Clothbound, $2. Paperbound, 35¢) is a fantastic tale about an international band of villains who kidnap the world's leading scientists for diabolical purposes.*

By Harrison Smith

FOR his twenty-second book Gerald Kersh, one of Britain's most imaginative, vigorous, and perhaps sinister writers, has turned to the novel of suspense with atomic overtones. "The Secret Masters" might have been a notable contribution to the few actually terrifying tales of science fiction if his plot was not so fantastic as to be unbelievable. To the average reader who now takes the familiar novel of atomic destruction in his stride, it may seem reasonable that spies are invading our shores carrying bits of lethal bombs in their suitcases. But it is doubtful if he can be frightened by an international league of villains, headed by an obese multi-millionaire Englishman, who intend to destroy the ocean barriers and send the Gulf Stream rushing to melt the Arctic ice-caps in a catastrophic assault which would inundate all but the mountainous surface of the earth.

Mr. Kersh is a specialist in murderous villains and misanthropists who despise the human race, as do those incredible sociocrats who are not the inhuman titans his earth-shaking tale demands but simply cruel and conscienceless men planning to drown nine-tenths of the human race. Nevertheless, there are magic and brilliance in Mr. Kersh's prose as well as the lack of restraint.

This awesome plot against humanity is discovered by George Oakes, a successful and brilliant newspaperman aided by his old friend Kemp, his

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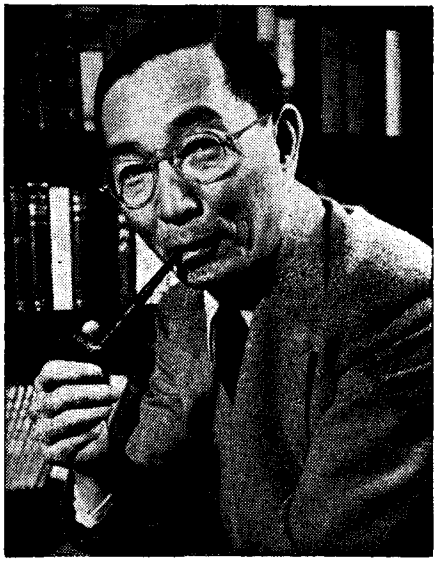
Doctor Watson, who lives to tell the tale. Oakes has been concerned with the disappearance of many of the world's most distinguished men, including the greatest living atomic scientist. Have they been kidnapped, murdered, or are they scheming together in some remote fastness? The first clue is provided by a small but deadly American gangster casually met in a London hotel. Monte Cello is as wholly credible in his terror of sudden death as if Mr. Kersh had spent most of his life in America or had studied exhaustively the language and the background of our accomplished murderers and criminals. He is, in fact, more vitally alive than the author's two principal characters who assume the fearful task of saving mankind from destruction and slavery, with at times a most commendable display of boyish gaiety. They furnish a kind of comic relief before the grim denouement when they are captured and borne in Lord Kadeel's gigantic plane to the sociocrats' vast atomic plant hidden in the wilds of Canada.

At this moment science fiction in its rather more astounding aspect takes charge of the narrative and the reader soon discovers that the secret masters with all of their earth-shaking schemes and knowledge of scientific torture are only figures of clay who can be blown up by two light-hearted British writers.

In short, Mr. Kersh has written one more triumphantly irritating book. He prefers to resemble his sinister characters, for in the postscript to this novel he is described as "the bearded, burning-eyed author described at various times as villainous looking and sinister, who has collected around him an almost legendary aura of energy and brilliance." What more can be said to inflate a novelist's ego?



Lin Yutang—"excessive tenderness."

Love Among the Sinkiangers

Lin Yutang's "The Vermilion Gate" *(John Day Co. 439 pp. $4.50), a tale of romance and racial tension in a far corner of China, marks the return to the novel form of the best-known interpreter of China to Americans. Mr. Hightower, our reviewer, is associate professor of Far Eastern languages at Harvard.*

By James R. Hightower

FOR over twenty years Lin Yutang has been interpreting China to the West through essays, biography, translations, and novels. In many ways he is equipped for his self-assigned task as none of his imitators, Western or Chinese. He was well-established in China as an essayist and editor of the humor magazine *Lun yü* and had published several volumes in English when he became known in America through "My Country and My People." The twelve volumes which he has written since then have made his name as familiar to the American reading public as that of any contemporary Chinese, though without appreciably adding to his stature as a writer.

Mr. Lin has been most successful as an essayist. His Chinese background provided him with material and an original point of view from which to comment on Western mores. The device of using an observer from some alien culture is an old one, as old as "Les lettres persanes"; it gains effect from the fact that Lin Yutang is a real Chinaman. It is the satirist's tool, and readers of "My Country and My People" may have seen in Mr. Lin the makings of a satirist. Unhappily, he seems to have preferred whimsy, and the acuteness of his observations has of late been diluted by an excessive tenderness toward his readers' sensibilities.

His first venture into fiction was "Moment in Peking." (He has published no fiction in Chinese.) The book had a certain interest as a cyclopedia of Peking customs and as a deliberate adaptation of some characteristics of the traditional Chinese novel familiar to readers of Pearl Buck's "Good Earth" trilogy. However, it suggested that Mr. Lin's talent was for the informal essay rather than the novel. In his second novel, "Chinatown Family," he shifted to an exotic American setting; "The Vermilion Gate" takes us back to China, Sian in the West this time, with scenes laid in the unfamiliar region of Sinkiang, remote enough to justify the subtitle, "A Novel of a Far Land."

The book relates the adventures of a newspaper correspondent, Li Fei, and his sweetheart, Tu Jo-an, daughter of an old-time scholar and statesman. Jo-an lives with her uncle, ex-mayor of Sian, while her father is in retirement on the family estate in the country. Li Fei meets Jo-an during a student demonstration; their encounter quickly develops into a romance which is furthered by a subplot involving a public singing girl and Li Fei's two friends, one of whom is properly a character out of the old Chinese novel: a leader in a secret society which rights wrongs.

LI FEI gets into trouble with the local warlord governor and escapes to the Tu family estate, where he is joined by Jo-an. The lovers get her father's approval of their intended marriage, and Li Fei leaves for Sinkiang, where he plans to cover the Moslem revolt for his newspaper. Jo-an returns to Sian, discovers she is pregnant, and, when her father dies suddenly, is forced by her unsympathetic uncle to leave the Tu house in disgrace. She goes to Lanchou to await Li Fei's return, which is delayed nearly a year by war, imprisonment, and suspicious Chinese officials.

The background of the novel is the racial tension between Moslems and Chinese in Northwest China and Sinkiang, the Moslems' grievances being presented with sympathy and understanding. Although filled with action, anecdote, and much gratuitous information, "The Vermilion Gate" fails to carry conviction as a novel. The characters have a flat, two-dimensional quality, possibly because they are presented descriptively rather than through significant dialogue and action. The book is further marred by an oracular sentimentality, of which one would like to be able to say that this is the worst example: "If she had had a sweet baby sleeping by her side, cooing to her, she would not have had that vague empty feeling. It takes the little fingers of a baby to turn the knot and open the floodgates of a woman's potentialities." One suspects Mr. Lin of an unbecoming contempt for his readers.

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—From the jacket of "The City of Anger."

Republic of the Rackets

William Manchester's "The City of Anger" *(Ballantine Books. 474 pp. Clothbound, $3. Paperbound, 50¢) is a highly promising first novel about politics and crime in a large American city.*

By W. R. Burnett

WILLIAM MANCHESTER, the young man who two years ago published a life of H. L. Mencken called "Disturber of the Peace," has written an extremely interesting first novel. "The City of Anger" is a long, naturalistic, minutely detailed story of politics and crime. It shows great knowledge of the underside of life in a typical American city; perfect acquaintance with police procedure; a fine grasp of the ramifications of practical politics; a fairly good ear for American turns of phrase; and an extremely laudable interest in a wide variety of human types and social backgrounds.

The author has an iron determination to view his characters and the world objectively, and he does his best to hold the scales even—writing of a slum Negro and a local aristocrat with the same impartial viewpoint, favoring neither.

Strangely enough, although objectivity in a realistic novel dates back at least to Flaubert, such writing seems like a startling innovation in our partisan age, when everybody has an axe to grind—a praiseworthy innovation, I might add.

It is impossible in a short review even to try to indicate the story of this huge, character-filled novel; it is very complicated and turns on a colossal political doublecross which shocks a section of the city into riot, arson, and bloodshed. The story is well conceived, the characters graphic, but the author has seen fit to base it all on a rather dubious underlying structure, which depends too much on the improbable, highly coincidental juxtaposition of characters from completely disparate sections of society, and the meetings and crisscrossings of this horde of ill-assorted characters end by lending an air of implausibility and arbitrariness, thus, at least toward the conclusion, partially destroying the carefully built up naturalistic atmosphere.

Thus "The City of Anger," an excellent first novel, breaks down where most first novels break down—in craftmanship. Mr. Manchester is a very good writer and this is one of the most promising first novels I've ever read. Let me make a prediction: before he is through Mr. Manchester is going to ride first cabin. He has been too ambitious in his initial effort. Just let him lower his sights a little: say, write the story of Jan Cameron—the degenerate debutante in "The City of Anger"—and write it honestly, without using her as a mere plot device or story convenience.

Ungrateful Orphan

Aldo Palazzeschi's "The Sisters Materassi" *(translated by Angus Davidson. Doubleday. 316 pp. $3.50) is a mature, compassionate novel by a gifted Italian writer as yet unknown in this country.*

By Serge Hughes

ALDO Palazzeschi's "The Sisters Materassi" is in happy contrast with the more recent Italian novels which have reached us in translation. No war, no violence, no tumultuous adolescence. The indignation which may mask exhortation, bitterness, or artistic impotency is absent. Only the dissecting spirit remains to link it up with other recent Italian novels. It is no longer, though, a matter of a cold, deft dissection, but rather of one that is unhurried and uneventful, not concerned with coming to a great dramatic moment.

This slow-moving story is a good example of a theme which in heavy hands would have been trite, even phony. Two old maid seamstresses, the Materassi sisters, living in Florence in those auburn years before the First World War, have led up to their fifties lives of noble and deadening abnegation. Their lives are totally changed with their adoption of a dead sister's fourteen-year-old son. Remo grows up a good-for-nothing, marries a rich American girl, and leaves the two sisters with memories and, more tangibly, hanging above their sewing table, a huge photograph of himself in a bathing suit.

There should be enough frustration, suppression, and libido trouble here to last for two good volumes in deepening shades of black. Instead, the plight of these women is treated in such a tragic and comic way that the entire experience leaves the reader without the feeling that here is one more amateurish go at sex. The rhythm of the Florentine hills and the brassiness of a Bersaglieri march, the sweet idiocy of an infatuated old age, a remarkable country wedding—all stand around, beside and above sex, frame it properly, and bring it into a right relationship. As for morals, Palazzeschi suggests that with all the harm Remo has done, he has probably brought more joy to these two poor sisters than distress. And, if one can point to the unhappiness of the sisters, one can also point to the unhappiness of the scoundrelly hero, unable to love and even unable to fall in love with his own dreams.

Clearly this is the work of an older writer, of an older generation. There

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is an unsentimental nostalgia that will be perceived by the few, since the things and sounds in it are more Italian than in most recent translations, not in a folklorish manner, not in a glib idiomatic fashion, but in intonation and gait.

To describe Palazzeschi's writing as mellow, however, is not to suggest delicately any dulness of perception. His psychologizing is as labyrinthian as that of any good modern writer. There is simply a welcome absence of the tortured, anguished motivation, a knowing, unaccented spoofing of a whole genre of novel, the novel of motivations, which has taken itself so solemnly. All through these pages Palazzeschi says, "Yes, I know there are some horrible things, but then there are other things which are not so horrible, and they are very good, and they too are important."

"The Sisters Materassi" is a good novel, and it is high time that a novel such as this be published in this country. One had almost forgotten that the Italians at their best are not too good at striking the modern, all too easy tragic pose. In the best of Italian writing there is an abundance of ironic compassion and gentle detachment which has been lost sight of in recent years.

Above all, "The Sisters Materassi" is urbane. Moderate. A moderation that has become all too rare, to an extent unpopular. It would be sad if because of it Palazzeschi's gifts were not appreciated. It is refreshing and delightful to read a happy tale of corruption, not gloomy, not world-catastrophic, but lightened by irony and benignity.

In the Days of Big Wars

Samuel Eliot Morison's "New Guinea and the Marianas" *(Little, Brown, 435 pp. $6) is the eighth volume in his history of U.S. naval operations in World War II. Its appearance gives Gordon Harrison, a member of the editorial staff of the* Detroit News *and himself an Army historian during the war, an occasion to review the progress the armed services have made to date in writing the history of their operations.*

By Gordon Harrison

GREAT events have been so telescoped into the short time since V-J Day that World War II seems to belong to another age. The fact that a large part of the definitive record of American military operations during that war has already been published thus appears much less remarkable than it actually is.

"New Guinea and the Marianas," Samuel Eliot Morison's eighth volume of naval history, is the twenty-seventh publication of the official and semi-official histories being prepared by the three services. Mr. Morison plans six more. The Air Force has five huge books in print out of a planned seven. The Army, which tackled a colossal program first estimated to run to ninety-nine volumes, has so far put out only fourteen (not counting three books of pictures). Eight more are now in process of publication and nearly sixty others are in various stages of completion. Most, though probably not all, will be published, perhaps within the next five years.

Here is an achievement at least of commendable industry. Morison, himself, with eight volumes published in six years, has set a remarkable record. Official military historians of the other nations are by a count of imprints far behind. Of the British official history only one volume is out: the recently published "Campaign in Norway." Australia and South Africa each have published one, "To Benghazi" and "Crisis in the Desert," respectively. New Zealand has as many volumes in print as the United States but most are in a popular series and since the total New Zealand fighting force in the war was only in the nature of two divisions the historical problem is clearly not comparable. Canada in 1948 issued a one-volume summary of its war experience for popular consumption but has not yet begun to release portions of the larger record. France is not likely to make any more comprehensive accounting for her part in the war than may be pieced together from memoirs. (Incidentally two memoirs, excellent from the military viewpoint, are already out: those of Gen. Maxime Weygand and Gen. DeLattre de Tassigny.) Germany and Japan, of course, will have no official history although their records and the memories of their commanders have been tapped for the immeasurable enrichment of Allied accounts.

THE American accomplishment is thus unique and statistically impressive, the more so in view of the fact that this is the first time America has officially written the story of its fighting forces. That we are now doing so is due to the enterprise and enthusiasm of a relatively few men. Mr. Morison is one of them. The history which he is carrying through with such zest was from the beginning his own idea for which he secured authorization from President Roosevelt himself early in the war. In the Army enterprise moved more deviously. A

LST's lined up for loading, previous to the capture of Hollandia.

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pe given to a Lt. Col. Otto Nelson who diverted a more or less routine request to do something about preserving records into a project for writing narrative history. The forces he set in motion, following President Roosevelt's order of April 1942, that all Government agencies should be responsible for preparing their own histories, resulted in the creation in the Army for the first time of a small operational history staff—a staff, that is, ready to operate during the war to gather and shape the materials of history. A number of people took over from there to make the staff work, enlarge it, and fight its almost continual battles for survival against the bureaucracy. Of these one may be fairly singled out. American military history owes a clear debt to Col S. L. A. Marshall for his pioneering of interview techniques to get behind the written record into the stuff of battle. Marshall, both as an exponent of his own methods and as director of the European historical section, did much to keep the project on its feet and insure that its results were fruitful.

The service histories, which may now be fairly sampled, bear the marks of their beginnings. Mr. Morison still bestrides Naval history and does it with a magnificence that obscures certain weaknesses in putting an individual imprimatur on an essentially cooperative undertaking. A writer of strong individuality, he deliberately sets out to give the reader a sense of standing with the author inside the events described. The gain in readability is immediately apparent when one stacks up his latest volume, "New Guinea and the Marianas," against portions of Volume Four of the Air Force history, and the Army history, "Approach to the Philippines," which cover much the same ground.

THERE is also, however, some loss. Morison's new book deals with the two-pronged drive through the Southwest and Central Pacific by which MacArthur and Nimitz in the spring and summer of 1944 reached the threshold of the Philippines and Japan. The offensives were essentially a series of amphibious operations to squeeze the Japanese out of their ocean outposts and seize air bases for the final assault on the Philippines and the enemy's home islands. For the bulk of the narrative Morison depends heavily on the detailed studies already prepared by the Army, Air Force, and Marine Corps. He summarizes with great skill, adds Naval details and some enemy information to produce a fluent tale. But for the professional military [illegible] battles were planned and how executed there is little here to enrich the basic accounts of the other services. The footnoting, furthermore, which can only be described as capricious, will leave the student in considerable doubt as to the source or reliability of the facts. (Why, if the account is primarily popular, were footnotes included at all?)

Morison makes island hopping as palatable a literary subject as pos-

sible, but the gem of his book, the place where his heart is and where the reader will follow him with genuine excitement, is the long description of the June 1944 Battle of the Philippine Sea, the greatest carrier action of all time. He describes the fight at a length that throws somewhat out of balance the epic sweep of the whole Pacific offensive, which is his main subject, but within his set scheme he does so with good reason.

The battle is not only of special tactical interest but is the only one in the book which is wholly a Navy show. Above all it emerges in the telling as a first-rate story.

It is in this propensity of Mr. Morison's for following his own nautical heart and in his highly personal style that his books escape from the category of "official" history. But the extent to which the books are personal may be exaggerated. In particular the disclaimers of official Navy responsibility are misleading. Despite them, the author in every essential respect writes as an official historian.

He has had full access to the official records; his research assistance has been supplied by the Navy; his manuscripts are reviewed by responsible Naval officers. That review does not entail official censorship but neither does the similar procedure followed by the Army. In all ways affecting the nature of his material and his freedom to exploit it (except stylistically) he is thus in essentially the same situation as the Army and Air Force historians who are writing avowedly official history.

IT MIGHT be said that the latter is official chiefly because no one writer with an established literary reputation came to dominate the Army program. The Army and Air Force writers, mostly young men, have been left remarkably free to dig out and write what they pleased. But in large part because they could not speak as individual authorities they have spoken in the name of the Army. This fact alone has tended to produce works distinguished rather for painstaking research than for brilliant writing. The Army furthermore deliberately decided that the writing of books for the general reader must be subordinate to the compiling of tactical records useful for the professional soldier.

The Air Force has collected what are in effect operational monographs by various hands and packaged them under a single editorship in five volumes broadly divided by chronology and area. The resulting books are compendious, not in the strict sense narrative, and will be dipped into and used for reference rather than read through.

Under the Army plan each volume (with some exceptions) is a single narrative and each has been researched from the documents and written generally by a single author. But in another sense they, too, are encyclopedic, in that they aim at a completeness of tactical detail quite foreign to Mr. Morison's purposes. Though intended to be read entire, few are attractive to the general reader, even when allowance is made for the inherent difficulties of all military history. There are, however, exceptions.

"Okinawa: The Last Battle," for instance, is a meticulous battle study written with fluency and imagination. H. M. Cole's "The Lorraine Campaign," though treating at length a small corner of the European war, is projected with such professional enthusiasm and insight that it is often exciting as pure narrative and always illuminating as to the nature of war. The understanding and writing skill of Mark Watson produced a volume on War Department planning ("Chief of Staff: Pre-war Plans and Preparations") that belies its pedestrian title and should tempt the general reader at least to browse. One of the more recent Army publications, "Three Battles: Arnaville, Altuzzo

(*Continued on page* 40)

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The Elegant Revolutionary

Howard Swiggett's "The Great Man" (Doubleday. 491 pp. $5) is a laudable and on the whole successful attempt to portray George Washington as a human being. Professor Wallace of Wesleyan University, who reviews it here, is the author of several books on the Revolutionary War.

By Willard M. Wallace

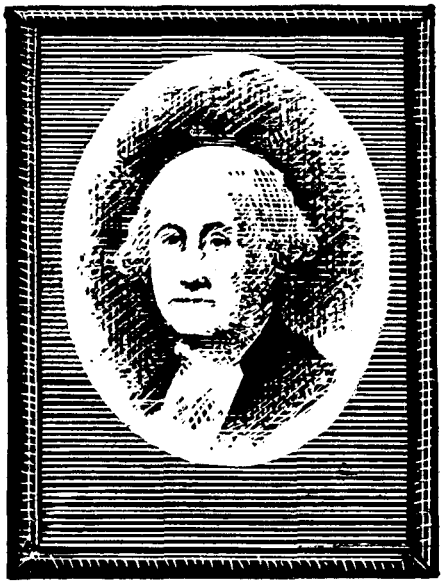
MANY have been the attempts to bring the Father of His Country off his pedestal and breathe into his marble the breath of life. Did he have all the attributes of the noblest of men and none of the foibles? Was he truly the graven image of perfection with which the schoolbooks impressed us? In revolt against this conception, writers in the present century have struggled to separate the man from the myth, and no part of his life has escaped scrutiny. Sometimes the corrective effort has been of a dignified, sensible nature; sometimes it has bordered on desecration. Unremitting as has been this leveling process, it has rarely been successful, but in "The Great Man" Howard Swiggett has come nearer than any previous biographer, not excepting the late Douglas Freeman, to presenting a convincing conception of Washington as a human being.

Mr. Swiggett's task was difficult, for even in his own era Washington was The Great Man. If the expression was a term of affection used by his aides until Hamilton quarreled with him and gave it a sarcastic connotation, many people regarded him as great in all that the term implies. Nor was this regard confined to Americans; the French were impressed beyond measure by him. "He looks the hero," wrote the Swedish Count Ferson, friend of Marie Antoinette, to his father while serving with Rochambeau's forces; "he is very cold; speaks little, but is courteous and frank."

Mr. Swiggett's method deserves notice. He polled fifty adults more than ordinarily well read, asking what they would like to know about Washington. Among the replies were questions as to whether Washington drank, and what; if he really loved Martha; how he exercised command; why he was devoted to Lafayette; and whether, since he had intellectual superiors such as Jefferson, Madison, and Hamilton, he was the Presidential choice because of popularity or integrity. Launching at once into the Revolutionary period, Mr. Swiggett follows his subject through that conflict, home to Mount Vernon, into the political arena, and back to the countryman's existence. The author has read widely in contemporary journals and correspondence official and private, both of men of distinction and those less well known.

Probably few writers, academicians or laymen (Mr. Swiggett classifies himself as "non-academic"), know the period so intimately. This wealth of learning he musters in close support of his polemic. Occasionally Washington is almost lost sight of in the details of background, but sooner or later the focus returns to the humanness of the subject.

The position Mr. Swiggett assumes is generally that of the traditionalist. Thus General Charles Lee was a traitor; the Conway Cabal constituted a powerful challenge to Washington's authority; Jefferson, showing many small-souled traits, was an obstructionist in the Cabinet; while Monroe was clearly too big for his britches. There are those who, with considerable reason, will break a lance with Mr. Swiggett on each of these contentions; but the author illumines them—and many other points—with Washington's opinions and responses, all designed to reveal the human side of the man.



George Washington—"very cold; speaks little, but is courteous and frank."

On the other hand, Washington's relations with Lafayette are shown in something other than a traditional light. Mr. Swiggett argues persuasively that the father-son relationship existed largely in Lafayette's imagination. Washington was not infrequently cold and curt to him, and impatient with the Frenchman's efforts to overpersonalize a friendship.

THE Washington of this book is a man of many facets. Mr. Swiggett finds him a man who, except in rare instances, never displayed mean or petty conduct; a man of humor, occasionally almost boisterous, more often sophisticated; a man who was fond of dancing and the company of ladies but who dearly loved and respected his Martha; a man with a penchant for "things," such as penknives, fashionable spurs, and mother-of-pearl whist counters; a man who professedly disapproved of slavery yet refused to get rid of his own slaves; a man of more intellectuality and wit than he is credited with possessing; a man of "inflammable material" but whose forte was moderation and judicious decision; a man of sternly-schooled patience who had such respect for the democratic processes that, despite the most exasperating experiences with Congress, he never turned a Cromwell and sent the politicians packing.

If there is little that is new in this Washington, and still something statuesque and remote, the fault lies mainly with the subject himself, the general without whom the War of the Revolution would have failed, the presiding officer at the Constitutional Convention, and the first President of his country. In the dignity and forcefulness of his presence, the strength and integrity of his character, the lofty idealism animating him, and, as Mr. Swiggett expresses it, "his uncanny ability to perceive what was the right thing and then to do it," Washington possessed a kind of grandeur that has resisted attempts to penetrate to the individual himself. Even so, where many biographers have not succeeded, Mr. Swiggett, writing with skill and discernment, has enabled us to perceive a little of the essential humanness of probably the greatest man of his time.

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War for Crazy George

"America Rebels," edited by Richard M. Dorson *(Pantheon Books. 374 pp. $5) is a fascinating anthology of writing about the Revolution by men and women who participated in it. Our reviewer, Professor Alden of the University of Nebraska, is the author of a biography of General Charles Lee.*

By John Richard Alden

For whatever causes, there has been since the Great Depression a revival of scholarly and public interest in the period of the American Revolution. Dozens of new Franklin letters and essays have been brought to light and identified by Verner W. Crane; Douglas S. Freeman completed before his death five volumes of his highly detailed biography of Washington; a "definitive" edition of Jefferson's writings is in progress; one of Franklin's is planned. Lawrence Gipson, Merrill Jensen, Bernhard Knollenberg, Edmund Morgan, Richard B. Morris, Curtis Nettels, Howard Swiggett, and many others are active in the field. Now Richard M. Dorson enters it.

Professor Dorson, who teaches American history and folklore at Michigan State College, offers in "America Rebels" an anthology of fourteen diaries, journals, and memoirs, complete and otherwise, written by participants in the American Revolution. All of the fourteen selections have been previously printed. Some are little known; others, such as the productions of Ethan Allen, Baroness von Riedesel, and James Thacher, are stand-bys for the historian.

The selections are unequal in interest as well as historical usefulness. Several of the narratives, including those of Thomas Dring, Baroness von Riedesel, Sally Wister, and John Slover, offer fascinating reading. None can be said to be downright dull. They describe such diverse matters as the battle of Lexington-Concord, the march of Johnny Burgoyne from Canada, life and death on British prison-ships in New York Harbor, adventures at sea, and captivity among the Indians. There are fine things in the volume for all those who wish to see the American scene through contemporary and near-contemporary eyes, even perhaps for those whose fancy commonly turns to historical novels of the exposed breast and beast school.

The editor has supplied an interesting introduction, and a brief explanatory note for each of his selections. These writings doubtless serve his purposes, but they will not consistently please professional historians, usually uncompromising persons who, alas, habitually observe and mention flaws. Professor Dorson adds to Revolutionary folklore but does no service to history by creating an American General Charles Henry Lee (probably a compound of Charles and Light-Horse Harry Lee). It is difficult enough for the student to identify and separate the real Lees. Must he be plagued in addition by a mythical one? The editor also confuses English General Gage with American General Gates, a slip which probably both amuses and irritates those warriors in Valhalla. He has Washington's Continentals, whose genuine exploits are splendid enough, performing a miracle: "Clinton [with the main body of British troops] received orders to quit Philadelphia, and sailed away on the eighteenth of June, 1778, to avoid being bottled up by a French fleet heading for Delaware Bay. A seasoned, tough, and confident American army dogged him back to New York." Apparently the Continentals not only walked on water from Philadelphia to New York but managed to keep close to British ships under sail.

If one does not insist too strongly upon taking his history straight, "American Rebels" is very good reading.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 526

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that r mains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 526 will be found in the next issue.

KARL GARP OVER

QVKLCGBSIC HIVE GARSI

SFVIP GVKRIC, SQRBTSCGC

BIR BUG GV KBTM

CGIBSDAG SLGV GAR

DNGGRI.

TVDBL U. CESGA

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 525

Who overcomes by force hath overcome but half his foe.
—J. MILTON.

A Firm Foundation

Clinton Rossiter's "Seedtime of the Republic" *(Harcourt, Brace. 558 pp. $7.50) is "without question the best book now available on the ideas of those who founded the American Republic." So writes Leonard W. Labaree, Farnham Professor of History at Yale and author of "Conservatism in Early American History."*

By Leonard W. Labaree

IF WE can define conservatism, as Webster does, to mean the disposition and tendency to preserve what is established, then the American Revolution may be singled out as one of the most conservative of all the great revolutions in history. For, as Clinton Rossiter makes clear in his penetrating "Seedtime of the Republic," the political philosophy of the American Whigs involved little that was new or original to themselves. On the contrary, they grounded their opposition to British policies and legislation upon doctrines and theories, such as those of natural law, natural rights, and the contractual origin of government, which had their foundations in the distant past and which had found repeated expression in European and American thought and in English and American political experience. It was the British parliament and ministry, the colonists believed, who were the dangerous innovators during the years from 1765 to 1776; the Americans themselves were carrying on a desperate struggle to protect familiar principles and the long-established British constitution.

All too often authors of books on political theory write in a sort of historical vacuum, paying little attention to the conditions under which ideas arose or found expression. Not so Professor Rossiter. Few writers in his general field have made themselves such thorough masters of the historical setting and have presented that setting so fully to their readers. The first section of the book, which he calls "The Circumstances," describes in substantial detail the governmental, religious, economic, social, and intellectual life of the colonies in the first part of the eighteenth century and discusses "the factors of freedom" in this period—that is, the forces which were most influential in creating an environment extremely favorable to the rise of liberty in colonial America. Among those he considers most important are the institutions of representative government, the multiplicity of religious groups, the relative ease

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position of free labor, the rise of an important middle class, and the general fluidity of society. Both consciously and unconsciously the colonists were creating a community most favorable for the growth of political liberty.

The second part of the book, called "The Men," is devoted to studies of the political thought of six representative Americans. Perhaps no two writers would have chosen exactly the same six, but these particular selections are all notably deserving: Thomas Hooker, stanch believer in the sovereignty of the people; Roger Williams, the "first theoretical and practical exponent of the American doctrine of religious liberty"; John Wise, "relentless warrior for both ecclesiastical and political democracy"; Jonathan Mayhew, ardent advocate of the doctrine that public office is a public trust; Richard Bland, aristocrat, constitutionalist, and "the model of a colonial legislator"; and Benjamin Franklin, political pragmatist, champion of free speech, "the greatest man and the greatest democrat to live in colonial America." Professor Rossiter is careful to avoid unprovable assertions that all these men, and especially the first three, exercised direct influence on the political thinking of the Revolutionary generation. Their importance lies in their representative character as advocates of ideas that were slowly to become parts of the American tradition, rather than in their immediate impact upon their fellow American colonists.

THE final section of the book, "The Heritage," is an analysis of the vast body of political literature produced by the spokesmen for the colonial cause between 1765 and 1776. Probably considerations of space as well as the announced objectives of the book led the author to exclude discussion of the political views of the American Tories, which would have permitted a more fully rounded treatment of the conflict of ideas during the years of controversy. What he has given us is a general commentary on the nature of Whig writing during the final colonial years and on the sources from which it was derived, and an analysis of its content of political thought. Under the two main headings of "The Rights of Man" and "The Pattern of Government" Professor Rossiter has succeeded in organizing a huge, scattered, sometimes obscurely phrased, and often repetitious literature into a coherent and intelligible structure of thought. Liberal quotations from the originals reproduce authentically the ideas of he is always careful to keep clearly before the reader. At his hands the political theorists of the Revolution emerge as ardent champions of a philosophy of society and government which was to them a rich and noble heritage from the past and which, despite changes in outlook and in environment, still has deep meaning and essential validity for all Americans today.

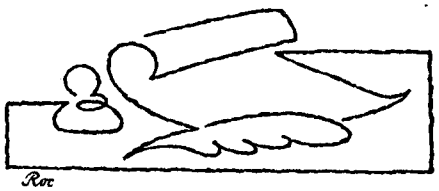
Professor Rossiter has read widely and thought clearly on his subject. He has written what is without question the best book now available on the political ideas of those who founded the American Republic.

Americana Notes

WRITING ABOUT T. J.: "Thomas Jefferson still survives," said John Adams on his deathbed, unaware that his old friend had just died. The many fine Jefferson books now being published make John Adams a major prophet. One of the most engaging of these is an anthology, **"Jefferson Reader"** (Dutton, $5), edited by Francis Coleman Rosenberger.

Mr. Rosenberger does not give us a composite biography, like Paul Angle's "The Lincoln Reader," but "a selection of the more readable and illuminating writing about Jefferson from his own time to the present." Jefferson's contemporaries are well represented in the anthology—foreign and American travelers to Monticello, Abigail Adams and her sober son John Quincy, Daniel Webster, Federalist satirists and calumniators, and Jefferson's grandson, his overseer, and one of his slaves. Considerably more pages are allotted to later writers—Presidents (Lincoln, Wilson, Hoover, F. D. Roosevelt), poets (Allen Tate, Lawrence Lee, Archibald MacLeish, Karl Shapiro), philosophers (John Dewey, Adrienne Koch), historians (Henry Steele Commager, Dumas Malone, Bernard Mayo, Dixon Wecter), and specialists on Jefferson as a lawyer, writer, classical scholar, scientist, religious thinker, traveler, soil conservationist, and devotee of the arts.

Anyone who has read much of the voluminous Jefferson literature will regret certain omissions—as the anthologist does—but Mr. Rosenberger



tions and for the way in which he has organized them. A notable feature of the book is the inclusion of fifteen life portraits of Jefferson.

—J. MERTON ENGLAND.

THE HEART OF MADISON: An interesting by-product of the Jefferson revival is a new appreciation of James Madison. No longer can the little Mr. Madison be brushed off as "Mad Tom's apprentice"; as Irving Brant and Adrienne Koch have proved, they were nearly equal partners in the development of "Jeffersonian democracy." This is also the view of a Jefferson scholar, Saul K. Padover, who in **"The Complete Madison"** (Harper, $4) gives us a well-chosen selection of Madison's "basic writings." The word "complete" as here used does not mean *entire;* it means *essential.*

We are apt to think that Jefferson thought and wrote in universal terms (and is therefore a timeless political philosopher) whereas Madison applied his penetrating logic to concrete, immediate issues (and was thus a practical statesman of his own age). These selections from Madison's writings, however, reveal in him a power to express generalizations on the nature of government and the nature of society that have enduring meaning. Often coolly intellectual, they appeal more to the reason and less to the imagination than do Jefferson's writings.

Dean Padover contributes a good introduction, in which he is largely concerned with the difference between Jefferson and Madison, and his arrangement of the selections is excellent. The failure to supply editorial notes, however, will cause difficulties for the general reader who may not be aware of the context of historical events that evoked Madison's statements. —J. M. E.

BATTLE OVER THE STAMPS: Not only college sophomores but even their instructors are sometimes puzzled when they try to understand colonial and British arguments of the Revolutionary era. Were the colonists represented in Parliament or were they not? Did Parliament have a constitutional right to levy external taxes for the control of trade but not to levy internal taxes, or external ones for revenue? Was taxation legislation or was it a free gift made by the people through their representatives? Edmund S. and Helen M. Morgan sharply define and clarify the opposing points of view in **"The Stamp Act Crisis"** (University of North Carolina Press, $6).

If the title sounds dull and restric-

(*Continued on page* 40)

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Riddles Wrapped in Enigma

Isaac Deutscher's "Russia: What Next?" *(Oxford University Press. 230 pp. $3) is a daring tour de force of political speculation—so writes Martin Ebon, author of "Malenkov: Stalin's Successor" and "World Communism Today."*

By Martin Ebon

ISAAC DEUTSCHER has interrupted his researches and writings on the life of Leon Trotzky long enough to put together "Russia: What Next?," a brief volume on the legacy of Joseph Stalin and the possibilities of future Soviet policy. In so doing, he has found himself in the midst of events that turned with the speed of a buzz saw.

With the professional compassion of one who has labored in an adjoining vineyard, I immediately asked the question, "Did he catch the reversal of the doctors' case?" I am happy to report that Mr. Deutscher did, indeed, record Soviet Interior Minister Lavrenti P. Beria's reinstatement of the nine Soviet doctors who last January were accused of causing and plotting the death of high Moscow officials. But, writing in London for a New York publisher, the author had little time to evaluate this sensational event. In fact, the role of Beria is for the most part ignored.

As the author of a Stalin biography, Mr. Deutscher is quite naturally at his best in summarizing the impact of Joseph Stalin on Soviet society. He is most interesting when he deals with the dead dictator's emotional roots in the traditions of his native Georgia—the totems and taboos, the poetry, folklore, and blood feuds. He believes that Stalin's actions were deeply influenced by "the primitive magic of rudimentary society," and brought much of it "with him into Bolshevism."

Mr. Deutscher begins his book with the astute observation that "whatever comes in Russia now will be only in part a continuation of Stalinism, while in some vital respect it will mark a break with the Stalin era." He then traces the evolution of Soviet society from Leninism to Stalinism, stating that Stalin had "orientalized" Marxism, creating an "amalgamation of Western-European Marxism with Russian barbarism."

Developing this thesis further, Mr. Deutscher arrives at the conclusion that Stalinism "appears as the mongrel offspring of Marxism and primitive magic." Reviewing the legacy of Stalinism, the author examines the industrial and agricultural development of the Soviet Union during the past two decades. He believes that the peoples of the Soviet state have developed a strong "attachment to public ownership," and wouldn't want to give it up. Russia, he says, today "may still be mired up to her ankles or to her knees in the epoch of primitive magic," but no longer up to her neck and ears.

Mr. Deutscher believes that Stalin was essentially parochial in outlook, frightened of the outside world; that he "wished to keep Russia in her place and to refrain from antagonizing the world by international revolutionary aspirations." This is, of course, not the commonly conceived impression of Stalin's personality and aims; nor would the subjugation of Eastern Europe seem to fit this particular thesis very well. But it is Mr. Deutscher's view that Stalin was essentially a man of "shrewd caution" who, in spite of himself, was at times pulled into "the strangest of adventures."

In dealing with the new period transition, Isaac Deutscher performs a tour de force of political speculation, of informed analysis and unique forecasts. He thinks the Stalinist method of government "cannot be continued now." He believes that

Isaac Deutscher—"tour de force."

economic necessity, Russian isolationism, the Stalin cult, and other factors make a change possible. But a change to what?

Mr. Deutscher thinks the peoples of the Soviet Union would like to go back to Lenin. He writes: "The hope of a renascence of the revolution has never been extinguished in the Soviet people, and it has been kept alive by remote memories of the Leninist period. This hope still remains an imponderable and most vital factor in the political climate of Russia."

ISAAC DEUTSCHER was expelled from the Polish Communist party in 1932; his writings about the Leninist period show certain nostalgia, suggesting that Marxism-Leninism was a kind of democratic socialism, before it became tainted with Stalin-type "primitive magic." The author appears to hope that Premier Georgi M. Malenkov will lead the Soviet state back to Leninism, that he will unscramble Stalin's magic omelet. Deutscher thinks that Malenkov will "perhaps even bring back to the Soviet State the humane socialist spirit of its early days." On which this reviewer can only comment with the crude colloquialism, "This—I've got to see!" Nothing in Malenkov's known career suggests that he may be a vessel containing a humane spirit, socialist or otherwise.

It is correct, as Mr. Deutscher observes, that "the Stalin cult began to wither as soon as its object had disappeared." He is frankly puzzled by the changes in Government and Party leadership that took place in the weeks after Stalin's death. He ascribes "liberal gestures" to Malenkov, and believes that the merger of the Ministries of Interior and State Security was Malenkov's handiwork; other observers regard this merger as a move strengthening Beria, an effort to keep the Kremlin power balance which had earlier tilted far in Malenkov's favor.

The author writes that Malenkov's Government may be anxious to put an end to the misdeeds of the political police and to restore the "constitutional rights of the people." Mr. Deutscher's book concludes on a note of optimism. The author even supposes that "as Russian obsession with secrecy lessens, a degree of conventional international supervision of armaments may become feasible" and Malenkov may "allow United Nations commissions to travel inside Russia and inspect military establishments." That, to this reviewer, is wishful thinking indeed.

Mr. Deutscher, in a somewhat unfortunate choice of phrase, calls the more conciliatory grouping which

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the "appeasers" (in quotation marks) of the West. He thinks Malenkov represents this "appeasement" group which, should its policy fail, might be replaced by "a Soviet version of Bonapartism."

Isaac Deutscher believes that the real Soviet alternative lies between "military dictatorship" and "democratic evolution." His concluding thesis is this: "The economic progress made during the Stalin era has at last brought within the reach of the people a measure of well-being which should make possible an orderly winding up of Stalinism and a gradual democratic evolution." Such evolution, he thinks, "can start only from inside the Communist Party," and would represent "a breathtaking reversal of the process by which the Soviet democracy of the early days of the revolution was transformed into an autocracy."

This view does not regard Marxism-Leninism as the product of paranoid thought patterns by Karl Marx, nor of an intolerant power drive by Vladimir I. Lenin. This view assumes that Malenkov might lead his flock back to a Soviet Eden that never was. But then, those are matters of opinion, worthy of discussion. Isaac Deutscher's book is a provocative contribution to the current discussion of Soviet events, which can only benefit from a variety of views and theories.

"It must be one of those 'Go-It-Alone' Congressmen."

Visions of the East

Hans Kohn's "Pan-Slavism: Its History and Ideology" *(Notre Dame University Press. 356 pp. $6.25) will help serious students find their way along the tortuous byways of the history of Russia, Germany, the Hapsburg monarchy, and the Ottoman empire. Here it is reviewed by the director of the Institute of Slavic Studies at the University of California.*

By Robert J. Kerner

EVER since Pan-Slavism became a factor in history a century ago, it has been a puzzle to historians and statesmen. A manifestation of the vague mysticism of the awakening Slavic nations in Eastern Europe during the period of Romanticism, it has sometimes been regarded as a real force and again as a farce. It has been used and abused by the chancelleries of Europe. Under its spell emotions were created which affected the course of history with their pathos.

For these and other reasons, Hans Kohn's "Pan Slavism: Its History and Ideology"—the first solid account in English—is welcome. It represents a wide search in many directions and a careful collection of details. Actually it is encyclopedic in character and is buttressed with a very comprehensive bibliography in numerous languages. As a work of scholarship it is superior to Leger in French, Fischel in German, and Weingart in Czech.

From Pan-Slavism's inspirers, the Slovak poet Kollár and the Slovak scholar Safařík, who came from the smallest Slavic nation and believed in the fiction of one Slavic nation, through their numerous successors, to Stalin, who used it to promote the spread of Communist control, the story is a complicated one. Interwoven with religion and philosophy, imperial ambition and ideology, and linguistic and racial differentiation, as the Slavic peoples reached nationhood, it presents a tangled skein of contradictory realities. This accounts for the fact that Russo-Polish relations and the problems of Teschen, of the Serbs and Croats, of Macedonia, and of the Ukrainians have not been solved by its advocates or by their Communist overlords since their control was established during the last decade. The vague longing of the truest Pan-Slavists of a union of free nations has remained a dream. In this respect it may be asserted that neither the Great-Russian nation nor its Czarist and Communist rulers rose to their great historic opportunity to make real friends and allies, instead of subjects, out of their Slavic kinsmen. Force, open or subversive, has at present brought the Slavic world, with exception of the Yugoslavs, under a Communist rule which it regards with sullen hatred, while the Communists dream of a world with one state, one law, and one language.

Historians, otherwise unable to find their way through the labyrinth of Pan-Slavism, may use the work with profit to supplement their understanding of the motives of some of the internal and foreign policies of Russia, Germany, the Hapsburg monarchy, and the Ottoman Empire. If it may be argued that the volume has slighted anything pertinent to the subject, it might be urged that the actual effect or reaction of the movement on the internal and foreign policies of these empires should have

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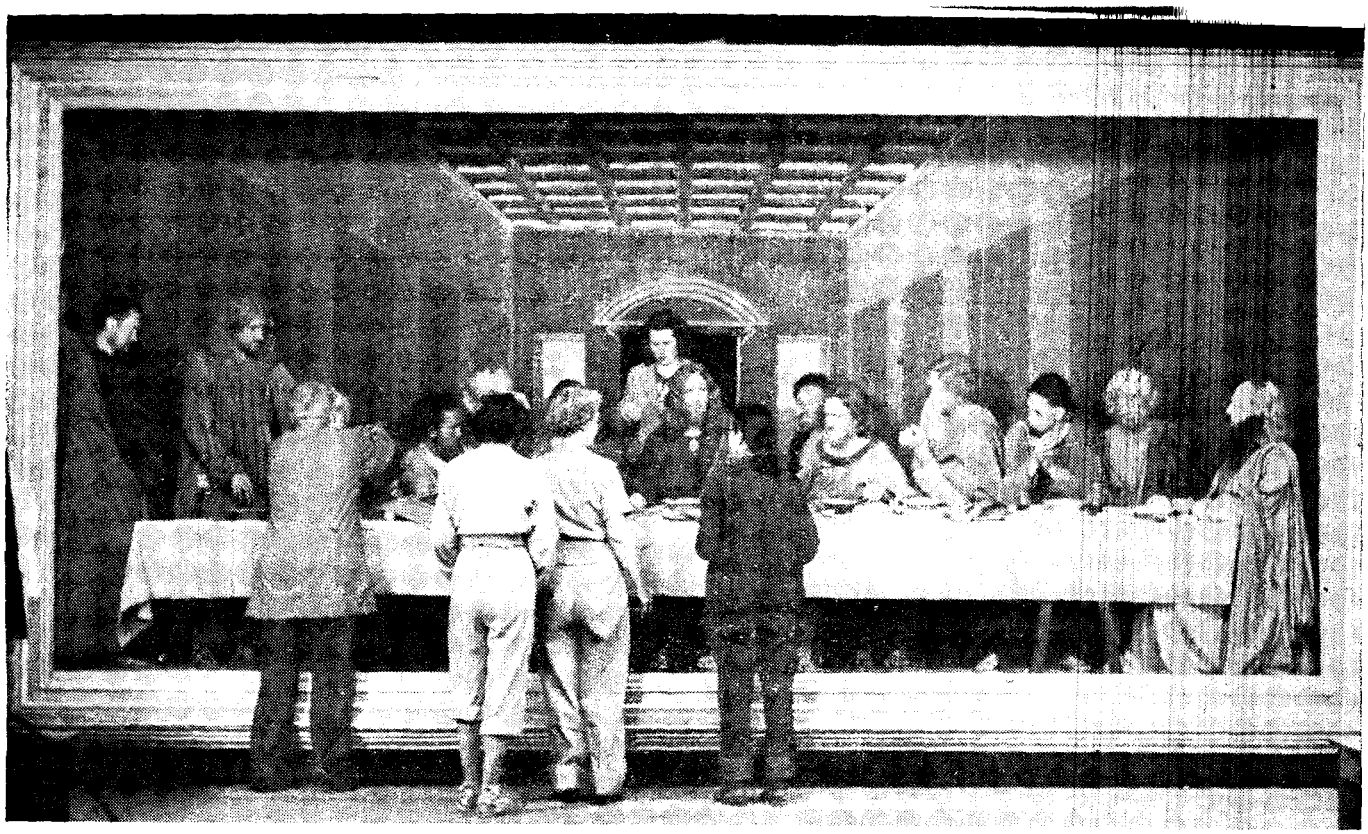

"The Last Supper"—"have I told you about the chronic alcoholic who has quit drinking since we cast him as an Apostle?"

THE LAGUNA BEACH STORY

By MICHAEL SCULLY

IN THE Depression year 1932 the impractical souls of Laguna Beach, a tiny art colony on the California coast, elected to launch a "Festival of Arts." Their decision was strictly from desperation. Even in halcyon times the artists worked more for fun than for money, and now Laguna was taking on the peaked look of a refugee camp. "Festival of Arts" represented the faint hope that a few impractical souls would sell some paintings.

They fixed their pictures and sculptures along the board fence of a parking lot. Some amateur beat the publicity drums to draw the art-minded from Los Angeles up the coast. Musicians played in the streets and costumed volunteers tap-danced on trucks.

Happily, they did sell enough pictures to survive, and they repeated the festival in 1933. That was a Depression year, too, but they sold a few more pictures, and Lolita Perine was inspired to add a "living picture" to the attractions. Every so often, when a crowd was gathered, a girl was posed as "Mona Lisa" inside an adroitly lighted shadow-frame. By 1934 the thing had become a municipal habit.

Today, twenty-one years later, the impractical souls' feeble little seed of an idea has grown into an all-American phenomenon. During twenty-three evenings ending August 9, this midsummer, some 90,000 visitors will flow into Irvine Bowl, a gracious outdoor theatre with a dramatic backdrop of purple mountains, to see "living pictures" take on magic perfection. For two hours models, supported by deftly blended music and narration, recreate masterpieces of painting and sculpture ranging the centuries from Leonardo and Rubens to Norman Rockwell. The unvarying climax, "The Last Supper," its visual impact heightened by a barely audible choir, is a creation of serene beauty.

But the bowl is only the festival's centerpiece. For five acres around it a national art fair spreads in avenues of booths. Besides Laguna's own painters, some 400 artists from nearly every state are entered in this year's prize competition. Interspersing canvases and sculptures are art works in metal, wood, and fabric.

The best material measure of what the festival has done for Laguna is the ceramics display. In 1932 a lone manufacturer, Durlin Brayton, was designing ceramic tableware at Laguna. Then, as the festival provided an increasingly popular showplace, other ceramic studios began to appear. Now there are more than fifty in the Laguna area, employing from five to sixty workers each. Decorators and department-store buyers, even from

"Practice is part of the explanation."

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East Coast cities, are drawn to Laguna yearly by an array of wares that begins with delicate jewelry and brilliant glazed buttons and concludes with massive ornamental objects.

THE festival has also caused a real estate boom. Many visitors, drawn by the colorful goings-on, have succumbed to Laguna's seductive crescent of beach and the tiers of inviting hills that rise from it. Some became year-round residents, others built summer homes. Today a spreading pattern of new houses climbs the hills and the once dreamy village is a town of 7,000 that doubles its size in summer.

"But the finest thing that has happened to us is intangible," says Lloyd Seilset, the businessman who led the campaign to build Irvine Bowl. "Most towns are simply places where people live for unrelated reasons. Laguna has become a *true community*, a place where all races, creeds, crafts, and professions have a community of interest."

And that does seem to mean everyone. The few score professional artists who live in Laguna are happily submerged now in the creative effort of the whole town. No one is paid. But bankers, merchants, lawyers, and waitresses have learned from the impractical souls the satisfaction of helping to shape a thing of beauty. Housewives, mechanics, and schoolteachers turn up as models, musicians, technicians, ushers, booth attendants. A sedate clergyman waits table at the festival's outdoor restaurant.

After the program is selected in January, six months of planning and thousands of voluntary hours go into the making of each festival. The March call for living-picture models brings a thousand applicants, from which 200 are chosen by an artists' jury. A model may be picked from behind a lunch counter, or out of a third-grade classroom. Some classic roles are filled perennially by perfect types. Mrs. Ella Goodrich was "Whistler's Mother" but she was well in her eighties. Felix Nelson, a Negro youth, once chosen as Vedder's "African Sentinel," has moved to Los Angeles but clung to his part for years by making the fifty-mile bus trip to Laguna each evening. A physician, Paul Conover, has been Fildes's "The Doctor" since 1940. Harold Bradley has so identified himself with Hals's "Laughing Cavalier" that he keeps a fine reproduction of the portrait, flanked by inner tubes and fan belts, in his downtown garage.

Some models literally grow into their parts by adding weight, cultivating long hair, or sprouting beards. Visitors after seeing Rubens's "Flight from Sodom" are often startled next day by the sight of the bewhiskered Lot in his workaday role of Hal Stephens, bus driver. The most distinguished group of beards belongs to the cast of "The Last Supper," which includes the tax assessor, a baker, oculist, truck driver, student, and chiropractor.

Physical verisimilitude doesn't satisfy most models. They search for the spirit of their roles. Russell Potter, writer-narrator of the program, is beset by their questions. "They want to know about the people in Renoir's 'Boating Party'—which ones were married and who was flirting with whom," he says. "They read painters' biographies and buy reproductions to help in practising poses. The result is that this has become a town of highly informed art critics. Joe Swindell, one of Rockwell's 'Plumbers in a Lady's Boudoir'—and a real-life plumber, incidentally—can tell you things about that picture that Rockwell never saw.

An unusual photographic illusion.

They really put their lives into their parts, and sometimes the parts reshape their lives. Have I told you about the chronic alcoholic who has quit drinking since we cast him as an Apostle?"

THE most vital figure of the living-picture pageant never appears onstage. Spectators are always amazed that human muscles and nerves can hold, even for a minute, such frozen-movement poses as those of Mahonri Young's "Boxers" or the girl caught in mid-flight in Fragonard's "The Swing." Practice is only part of the explanation. The rest is the art of Phil MacPherson, seventy-nine. Phil was a Hollywood property man before retiring—or so he thought—to Laguna. He's been busy ever since devising the invisible, body-molding pipes, "saddles," and wires that hold models immobile in impossible postures. "A

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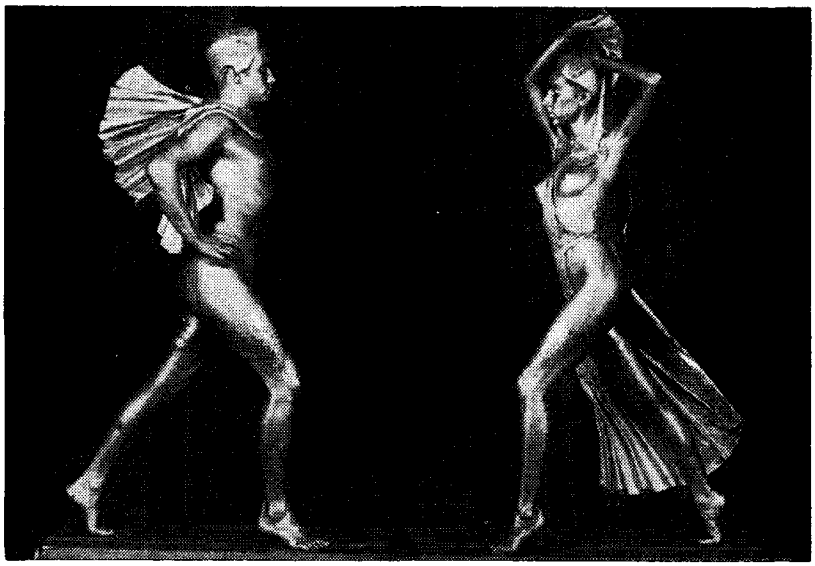

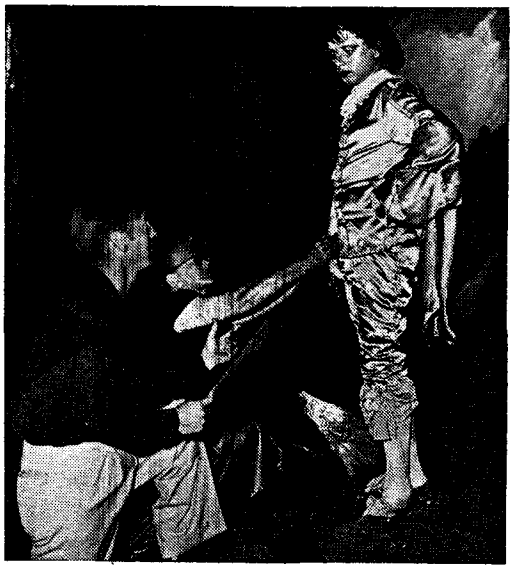

". . . housewives, mechanics, and schoolteachers turn up as models, musicians, ushers."

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The Saturday Review

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Patience!

ASIDE FROM the courage and strength that Americans must continue to display if the democratic and liberal traditions of the West are to survive, we must reveal other qualities to a world that is watching us with a confusing mixture of hope, skepticism, and fear. Only thirteen years ago the United States was predominantly isolationist, though the die had been cast that was to change the history of the world. To a European political philosopher or journalist it must seem almost incredible that we should have assumed so rapidly the vast obligations thrust upon us by the war, the increasing menace of Soviet military power, and the subjection of Russia's satellite states. The words of our statesmen, politicians, and writers are scrutinized abroad for any sign of weakness, or betrayal of the principles we have so emphatically announced. When McCarthyism raised its ugly and menacing head, when at times it seemed that our policies were divided, or that we might withdraw our aid, there was a resounding chorus from abroad shouting, "I told you so!"

It is doubtful if the American people as a whole have for any length of time failed to believe in the future of the nation, or in its ability to defeat its enemies in time of war. We have passed through crises that appeared to be dangerous or even fatal to the continuance of the nation, as Henry Steele Commager has pointed out in an article in *The New York Times Magazine*—the first years of the Republic, the War of 1812, and the Civil War. He quotes from George Washington's Circular Letter, written after his retirement from command of the Army: "It appears that there is still an option left to the United States of America. . . This is the time of their political probation . . . this is the moment when the eyes of the whole world are turned upon them, this is the moment to establish or ruin their national character forever." His words are valid and appropriate today as they were in 1783. Mr. Commager's conclusion to "Yet the Nation Survived" is that we must keep in mind the elements of our strength, approach whatever crises arise with constitutional methods, and rely on the intelligence and integrity of our own people and of our allies, on faith in reason and in freedom.

There would be less doubt and fear of our intentions abroad if more of our writers revealed their faith in the future. No one wants to listen to a constant reiteration of a nation's virtues but still less does anyone wish to listen to the hysterical cries of despair uttered by far too many of our columnists and political writers.

We have tolerated McCarthy's antics too long, it is true, but few writers have been willing to admit that, while there is no constitutional way of ridding ourselves of him and his Senatorial investigations, the common sense of a vast proportion of our population and of our leaders will before long find a way to put an end to witch-hunting and other ugly aspects of totalitarian mentality. We must have patience to endure these trials as we once endured Huey Long. We must also be patient with the outcries of our friends abroad, although many European writers appear to like us almost as little as they do Communist Russia.

In the Summer issue of *The American Scholar*, William G. Carleton in an ominous article, "An Atlantic Curtain," presents a list of unflattering and alarming foreign comments on the United States. A German student said, "You Americans demand recantation from Communists and even Socialists. Do you now demand it of all liberals?" He also asked if we were ridiculing all creative and talented people and if it had become a sin in America to have an idea. A Frankfurt editor visiting this country found "an appalling gulf between shell-shocked Europe and the cheerful hedonism of Americans." We were "frighteningly remote from the poverty-stricken and sullen atmosphere of the old world." An Italian professor said, "Americans have mechanized their emotions and standardized their ideas so that these have become mere quantitative reflections of mass wishful thinking, mass illusions, and mass half-truths . . . America's national leaders have distressingly little humanistic and historical background."

PROFESSOR CARLETON may be right when he states that the American press should publish more of these uncomplimentary and even hostile comments of Europeans. It is our humble opinion that it would merely exacerbate the present situation. His penultimate sentence, "The diversities of European thought are more consistent with the Western heritage of freedom than the growing uniformity of American thought," is open to criticism.

There is a great deal of truth in these attacks on our intolerance and our impatience with what appear to be dangerous opinions. But it is time that some attention is paid to the extent and vehemence of the protests against witch-hunting and intolerance in our press, our popular magazines, and in innumerable books. Is it foolish optimism to believe that the tide has turned; that the completely unanticipated revolt of the workers in Russia's satellite nations, the rising anger of Americans at McCarthyism, will before very long produce a climate of opinion that will make the present time seem to be a recurrent nightmare which at length is forgotten?

We have, as Henry Steele Commager says, lived through other crises and have thereby steeled ourselves for the tests of today. For this consummation we must have faith courage, strength, and patience; they are a part of the heritage our ancestors from the four corners of the world have left us. We will not betray them. —H. S.

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PROBLEM OF ETHICS

[illegible] by Albert Schweitzer [illegible] "The Problem of Ethics to Twentieth Century Man" [*SR* June 15]. Yet after reading it three times, I cannot escape the conclusion that the impressive thing about Dr. Schweitzer is not his ethic theory but his ethical devotion. Here is a triumph of being over knowing.

Dr. Schweitzer towers above our epoch as a good man, not as a philosopher. Despite his admirable analysis of the development of ethics, I at least cannot see that he has cast any new light upon the age-old problem of providing an objective, rather than a revealed or subjective, basis for the Good Life. He has skirted rather than tackled the essential question: How can a binding and logically coherent system of ethics exist independent of a positive belief in the nature (and purpose, if any) of the world into which we are born?

The Sage of Lambarene acknowledges all this. He concedes that "ethics can expect nothing from a true knowledge of the world" since "we lack a complete and satisfying knowledge of the world . . . Our true knowledge of the world consists in being penetrated by the mystery of existence and of life." True enough. But no mystery of this sort can explain how somehow or other Dr. Schweitzer has come to find "compassion," "respect for life," and the "ethics of devotion" to be self-evident.

He feels such an obligation in his conscience. This seems an infallible guide in the case of Dr. Schweitzer. Has it much cogency for individuals (like Hitler or Stalin?) who seem without compassion for any life but their own?

His explanation that "an ethics of devotion becomes fully conscious of itself and thereby become autonomous" must mean that it somehow becomes independent of knowledge or reason. In fact, it can do so only as a sort of subjective, mystical intuition.

But unless it is shared how can even the deepest intuition be universally binding? Dr. Schweitzer no more explains this than have previous thinkers who sought *"une morale sans obligation ni sanction."* Twentieth-century Man will still have to get along on the basis of religion, tradition, or individual conscience—as in the past.

EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER.

Washington, D.C.

CLARITY AND WISDOM

I HAVE READ A good deal in the writings of Albert Schweitzer, and I do not believe he has ever before made as lucid and brilliant a statement of the ethical needs of humanity and his conception of an answer than in his article for *SR*.

This essay exactly expresses the universal and humanistic convictions of the church of which I am minister.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Another thing, General Washington, if you were the first President, you wouldn't be able to say you inherited your problems from somebody else."

It seems to me that in this piece Schweitzer makes a truly great summary of a whole lifetime of study and contemplation. It is one of those rare works of clarity and wisdom that needs to be scattered everywhere.

KENNETH L. PATTON.

Boston, Mass.

TOO LATE THE MYSTIC

DR. ALBERT SCHWEITZER'S essay leaves me in a condition my artist friend Abner Dean describes as "underwhelmed."

The doctor's rehash of ancient wisdom gives an impression of scholarliness. His thoughts beyond the historic are pure taffy. He writes as if he had learned nothing since B.C.

To try to derive "ethics" from a biological extension of sentimentalist humanism seems vain to me. I thought "ethics" involved truth both as method and aim, but the good doctor belittles the one sure means man has had to learn truth: science.

To discuss "conscience" as if it were innate and not culturally modified is to talk in an obsolete way. To insist that "mysteries" which puzzle Schweitzer must gloriously bewilder man forever is tyrannical, and naive, too. To suggest that a kind of optimism is the necessary condition of all ethos is one more emptyism. There are dozens in the essay.

Twentieth-century Man has learned so much by objective integrity, science, that unless he turns the same method on his subjective behavior, his faiths, religions, beliefs, imaginary "ethics"—he is going down his own wilfully ignorant drain, unsupported by such mysteries as "creative will" *et al., ad naus.* It is too late for more mysticism, too late for the Hindu type of biological *weltschmerz.*

Dr. Schweitzer may be a good man who has done good but his insight into motives seems superficial. I am a little weary of all self-appointed saints who come to wear hair shirts under the aegis of big royalties and at the banquets of public esteem whipped up by their own memoirs.

Ethics that eschew known truth and select fatuity instead of reality as their goal have failed already and for the ten thousand human years we know of. To be contemporary, we must get all medieval bores off our backs, even the kindly ones.

PHILIP WYLIE.

Baltimore, Md.

BOUQUET

VERBAL FLOWERS TO Quincy Wright for including general semantics in his article [*SR* April 4]. Knowing that brevity encourages inaccuracy, students and teachers of the subject, like me, are more grateful than disgruntled. And yet, your readers might wish to compare: (1) "This discipline analyzes language . . ." with (2) Korsybski's fundamental statement in "Science and Sanity," "*Semantic reaction* . . . can be described as the psychological reaction of a given individual to words and language AND OTHER SYMBOLS AND EVENTS *in connection with their meanings.* . . ."

ELTON S. CARTER.

State College, Pa.

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mination to preserve its constitutional rights.

IN spite of their irreconcilable differences, the elements of greatness in Wilson, and Wilson's far larger role in history, Lodge and Wilson had many things in common. Both were brilliant and both scholars. Both were zealots in the beliefs they held and acted in good faith. They were equals in their arrogance and in their unwillingness to compromise. Lodge fought his case with the technical precision of a lawyer, Wilson championed his cause with the dedication of a prophet. This meant the President enjoyed an advantage in the eyes of his contemporaries no less than of the future. He held the trump card, an appeal to the most beckoning of man's hopes—lasting peace.

The Senator paid dearly for his victory. His reputation continues to suffer because he felt obliged to oppose the President's global program by mentioning anything which seemed so mean and petty to the idealists of that moment as our national interest. Wilson was talking in terms of moral grandeur, Lodge in cold hard facts. The Senator was, therefore, cast as a villain in the minds of many who did not care about the details by which peace was achieved so long as it seemed guaranteed. Although Lodge rightly resented having the covenant and the treaty presented as a package deal, he was not against the League, as some were. He was for it, but with reservations. Wilson, however, wanted all or nothing and, rather than accept the treaty with reservations, urged Democratic Senators to vote against it when it came up a second time on March 19, 1920.

Many have pointed out the irony of having the United States represented at the "new League" by the grandson and namesake of the man who in the popular mind is supposed to have done most to keep us out of the old League. The real irony lies elsewhere. It is to be found in the U.N. charter. It was presented to the Senate unattached to any treaty, and its provisions include equivalents of some of the reservations which created such bitterness when Lodge proposed them. Among these are the U.N.'s guarantee not to intervene in a domestic question; the denial to small countries of equal voting power with the large countries in the making of "action" decisions; and—shades of Article X—the stipulation that each member nation can ratify its participation in military actions according to its constitutional processes, in other words, in theory at least, the United States cannot be involved in a war or requested to send men overseas without the consent of our Government.

By the time the Senator died, four-and-a-half years after the defeat of the treaty, young Lodge had cleared a major hurdle. He was never to be the scholar his father was in literature and his grandfather was in history, politics, and government. But, due to his intimacy with the Senator and his daily stalking of political events as a reporter, he had grown up to his grandfather. His next hurdle was to outgrow him, as all young people must outgrow their elders. This took longer.

AS he became more expert in journalism he became less and less satisfied with it as a lifelong career. He had learned a lot about this country from covering City Hall and the State House in Boston, and then national affairs for the *Herald Tribune* in Washington. He was to learn more when in 1932 he was persuaded to run for the Massachusetts Legislature. Lodge, brought up in the protected and compartmented society of Beacon Hill and Nahant, remembers this first local campaign as a turning point. His years as a reporter had exposed him to places and people in the news—in short, the exceptional. The simple act of ringing doorbells while seeking votes introduced him to the average. His eyes were opened to the needs, the ways, the standards of life, and the dreams of the vast majority of Americans. As a result, he played an active part in the passage of the Massachusetts Workmen's Compensation law, and later in the Senate he was a resolute supporter of the Wages and Hours bill.

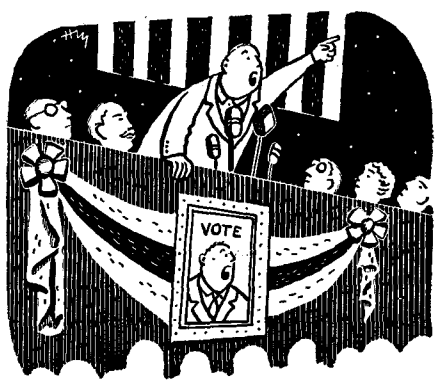
The war was the second major turning point in Lodge's professional maturing. All men learn things terrible and wonderful from war. But the middle-aged and the young are not apt to learn the same things. Understandably the young tend to think of war in personal terms, hating it the more because of what it has denied them. The middle-aged, having already tasted life, are different. If they have heads, hearts, sensibilities, and vision—and survive whole—they can count themselves a "found" rather than a "lost" generation.

Lodge found himself in World War II. As surely as politics had made him see the realities of American living, the war opened his eyes to the realities of the world which it had almost brought to ruin. It made him aware that countries, like individuals, need friends and gain by working together as communities. Peace was now his concern even as the war had been. His experiences overseas convinced him that the sturdiest safeguard of our continued independence lay in our recognizing the interdependence of all free people.

Before the war liberals were apt to be suspicious of Lodge, thinking him too cunning, too wedded to expediency, and blaming him for the policies of his grandfather which they had loathed. After the war it became manifest, however, that Lodge had reversed the usual pattern of a career. Instead of starting as a progressive and freezing with the years into a conservative, he had commenced as a conservative and thawed into a progressive.

When Lodge was reelected in 1946 no Senator could have been more pleased to have him back than Vandenberg. He recognized that in Lodge he had an ally as well as a friend. It was Vandenberg who saw to it that Lodge was put on the Foreign Affairs Committee. It was Lodge who stood with Vandenberg on the Marshall Plan (that "heroic adventure" Vandenberg called it), on the Rio Pact, on Greek and Turkish aid, and NATO.

IF Lodge and Vandenberg saw eye-to-eye on the role we should play internationally, they were no less close in their conviction that the Republican Party stood in need of being rejuvenated. In his maiden speech at the parish house in Roslindale, Lodge had urged his audience to remember they were approaching their sovereignty when they could vote and make themselves felt. Two years later, and one year after his grandfather's death, he was working feverishly as Nahant chairman of the Republican Associates of Massachusetts to get out the young vote, convinced that the "GOP was



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the position of a club which has taken in no new members for thirty years." Ever since, though his position was not always clear or recognized, Lodge has aligned himself with the younger and more liberal Republicans, working for Willkie in 1940, having Vandenberg as his first choice in 1948, and finally winning (with Dewey and Brownell) a victory over the Old Guard at the Chicago convention by securing Eisenhower's nomination.

With that peak of victory in mind, Lodge was to reveal his ardent professional respect for the intricacies of politics by writing, "A national convention has the same meaning to me that an operating room has for a surgeon." This enjoyment of political skirmishes has long been his, and is part of the equipment he brings to his job at the U.N.

Typical of Lodge was the strategy he indulged in when, as chairman of the Resolutions Committee in 1948, he wanted to gain acceptance of a foreign policy plank drawn up by Vandenberg. Before presenting it to his committee Lodge added four or five extreme statements against isolationism and desertion of the peace plan. He was counting on the isolationists on his committee striking these statements out, which is precisely what they did. In this way Vandenberg's platform was adopted intact and unanimously by the convention.

Vandenberg stated his regard for Lodge in his diary. In 1949 he wrote, "He is one of my most precious friends. He has been of great assistance to me. He is a superb public servant. I fully expect him to be a Republican President of the United States—and I hope I live long enough to have the chance to help put him in the White House."

LODGE was to think long and often the next year about the White House but not for himself. He was searching for a Republican candidate most certain to win the election at the same time that he represented the "modern-minded" element in the party. The decision he reached led him to Columbia that June afternoon in 1950. Lodge does not recollect whether Dewey had called on the General before him. He does remember that Eisenhower, who had been courted by both parties since the war and had repeatedly stated his unwillingness to run, was still reluctant—truly reluctant. In the course of their two-hour talk he paced his office restlessly, as he listened or answered. When Lodge used the word "duty," the General said, "It would be the bitterest day of my life if it ever became my duty to run. But if my duty I would not flinch from doing it."

Lodge had met Eisenhower three times since the Louisiana maneuvers, twice in Washington and once in France when the General visited Devers's headquarters. Although he had come out for him publicly in October 1950, he did not see the General again until July of the next year when he went to Paris on one of his several trips in the interests of NATO. On this visit they lunched together at the Astoria Hotel and, though they discussed politics only in passing, it was plain that the General was still reluctant. When Lodge said, "You will have to make up your mind, and not later than January," Eisenhower's answer was, "Thank God, I have until then."

On November 17, 1951, before Eisenhower had consented to run, Lodge was chosen as his campaign manager. Indeed, it was not till the following April, when Lodge saw him again in Paris, that the General's mind was made up. This time their talk was entirely political, and the trip was paid for by the Eisenhower Committee. Lodge was met by General Persons in civilian clothes in an old car. Lodge's task was to give the General an initial briefing on the political situation at home. He presented his brief in five parts, according to staff office procedure at the Pentagon.

IT is encouraging to see that good morals can be good politics. Certainly they proved so at the Republican convention in Chicago. When Lodge seized upon the shadiness of the contested Southern delegates as a pivotal issue he may not have been thinking only in terms of ideals. Yet his tactics secured Eisenhower's nomination. This is not to say that Lodge was not in full agreement with the General's conviction, as stated in his acceptance speech, that he was leading a crusade. Regardless of where that crusade may lead us, now that Eisenhower is President, Lodge's belief in it was and remains strong.

He had frequently attacked the Old Guard and pleaded for the rebirth of his party in such magazine articles as "What's Wrong with the Republicans?" "Think Anew and Act Anew," and "Let's Face We Are in a Jam." He had never stated his constructive (really reconstructive) attitude more clearly, however, than he did in "Modernize the GOP" in the *Atlantic* of March 1950, three months before his conference with Eisenhower at Columbia. Running the political risks of being definite, Lodge offered many specifications about civil

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

"DOUBLE, DOUBLE TOIL AND TROUBLE"

Fannie Gross, of Asheville, North Carolina, presents an entertainment concerning ten pairs of literary twins who were often the victims of bewildering entaglements. Allowing five points for each set of characters identified, and another five for either the author or the work, a score of fifty is par, sixty is surpar, and seventy or better is superpar. Answers on page 33.

1. When she arose from her tomb about a week after her burial, her twin brother died of fright.
2. These twin boys were left in the foundlings' basket at the Convent of Santa María Rosa de las Roşa and grew up to be scribes.
3. One brother was mistakenly arrested on the charge of implication in the death of his twin and the disappearance of some valuable gems.
4. This brother and sister each thought the other dead in a shipwreck until they were reunited in Illyria.
5. One of this pair of Southern twelve-year-old redheads was a tomboy and considered her twin sister a snoop.
6. Of these twin sons of Anne of Austria, one occupied a throne and the other a prison cell, except for a very brief interlude when their situations were interchanged.
7. At nineteen these lads were over six feet tall, had been expelled from four universities, and were in love with the same Georgia girl.
8. Having three sons already, a fourteenth-century Norwegian father hoped for a little girl but was presented with these two bouncing boys instead.
9. One of these North Carolina twins died as a child of typhoid in St. Louis, his brother succumbing years later in Altamont to penumonia and neglect.
10. After many altercations the naive twin fell in love with a poor but proud ballet dancer, while his sophisticated brother chose the daughter of a millionaire who tried to get rid of his millions and failed.

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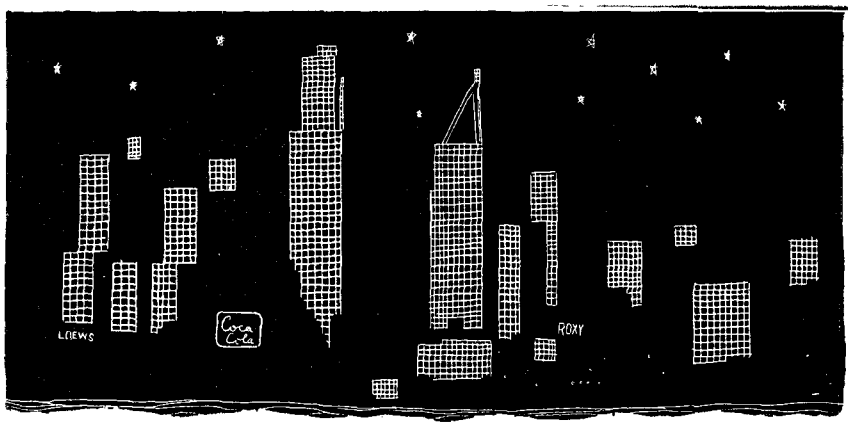

rights, social legislation, health, old-age retirement, and labor for a new and vital Republican program. He wanted to have the Republicans put back on a competitive basis with the Democrats. He felt this could be done without either "me-tooism" or negation. In his phrase, "Instead of scolding the darkness, let us light a lamp."

The autobiographical sketches most college graduates contribute to the volumes published at the time of their twenty-fifth reunions are human documents dazzling in their dulness and frightening in their smugness. As a rule they read as if John P. Marquand had decided to combine and rewrite "The Kinsey Report," "Middletown," and "Babbitt." But Lodge's report to his Harvard classbook in 1949 contained its interesting revelations. "Life as a legislator," he wrote, "has on the whole made an optimist out of me—about both the United States and human nature." His experiences, he said, had proved to him that "the interests which men have in common are more numerous and important than those which drive them apart," and that "the really evil politician is he who seeks to stress the things which divide." Among the convictions he had reached was "the absolute refusal to take counsel of one's fears."

IN this mood of optimism and faith Lodge worked and campaigned for Eisenhower, giving so unstintingly of his energy and time that he had little energy and less time to conduct his own campaign for the Senate, and lost his seat to his young Democratic rival, John F. Kennedy. After Eisenhower's election there was much speculation as to what Cabinet post Lodge would receive. Rumor had it that he would be made either Secretary of State or Secretary of Defense. Even Republicans close to the Administration were surprised by Lodge's delight when he was offered the Ambassadorship to the United Nations, a post which was given added importance by Eisenhower's inviting Lodge to attend Cabinet meetings regularly.

Lodge's belonging to the party in power, having Cabinet status, being close to the President, and seeing him at least once a week in Washington give him a prestige at the U.N. which Warren Austin did not have. The Russians and all other members are not unmindful that when he speaks he is speaking for the President and the Secretary of State. He enjoys the advantage of having "Cabinet presence," which is a real advantage.

The U.N. is not exactly new territory for him since, in the fall of 1950, he served for two-and-a-half months as an Alternate Delegate, appointed by Truman. But Lodge's present position is different. Its responsibilities are enormous, and he is bound to be still feeling his way. Even now, however, he has brought new vitality to the operations of his mission. When he wants something done he wants it done quickly; and when he needs information he does not hesitate to have brass hats in Washington wakened in the middle of the night to get it for him.

He drives himself as hard as he drives his staff. He is usually at the mission at nine where, before leaving for the morning session at the U.N., he catches up with his mail, discusses plans for the day with his long-time secretary Francis McCarthy, confers with his staff, and sometimes meets groups that have come to see him in the conference room off his office. His daily schedule varies, of course, according to what committees he must attend and whether the General Assembly or the Security Council is meeting.

While Lodge is apt to be at the U.S. mission or the U.N. until late in the afternoon, his work does not stop then. Parties are very much a part of it. They may be fun or they may be as boring as only protocol can make them. Nonetheless, they are essential and can be valuable. Lodge, who is almost a teetotaler, sometimes has to go to three cocktail parties in the late afternoon and give or go to formal dinners night after night and week after week. He submits to this wearing routine conscientiously because, as he sees it, his duty is to win as many friends as possible for the United States and the American point of view. Within his first few months in New York he had made forty-seven forty-five-minute calls on delegates of small countries no less than large, and had seen all the representatives from the smaller Latin American countries.

AMBASSADOR and Mrs. Lodge live at the Waldorf Towers in the same forty-second floor apartment, provided by the Government, where the Austins lived. It is a cold and formal apartment, though the many official parties the Lodges give there are not stiff. After dinner the Ambassador often breaks the ice and solves the problem of the many unshared languages of his guests by drawing upon his endless repertory of songs—old or new, ballads or blues, sweet or hot, French or British but usually American—and singing them lustily alone or with his old friend and closest harmonizer, James J. Wadsworth, now Deputy United States Representative to the U.N. As examples of folk art these duets are instructive. They may be bewildering to the delegates from Pakistan and Saudi Arabia, but they create good will, have reduced Sir Gladwyn Jebb (who is not easy to reduce) to tears of laughter, and prompted Trygve Lie to say that if only everyone would sing like these two men there would be peace in the world.

In ordering his social life at the U.N., indeed in aiding his whole career since their marriage in 1926, Lodge's wife, Emily Sears, has played a part that cannot be overestimated. Mrs. Lodge is a tall, slim blonde who somehow manages at all times and under all circumstances to be chic. She has great style of spirit as well as of appearance. Nothing seems to worry her. It is part of her charm that, though she knows much, she likes to ask questions as if she knew little. She loves people of all kinds and is incapable of pretentiousness. Like all good wives, she has functioned as a steering committee without ever seeming to steer. She has relaxed and humanized Lodge, and brought him the counterbalance of her happy casualness and gaiety. Never scolding, never nagging or interfering, ready for everything and at ease everywhere and with everyone, she has helped him incalculably, as he would be the first to admit.

The lighter sides of Lodge's life

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never kept him from realizing the seriousness of his task. He brings to it the same optimism and faith that he brought to campaigning for Eisenhower. Ever the realist, he cannot understand Americans who attack the U.N. as an expensive indulgence. He is fond of pointing out that, whereas to build such a battleship as the *Missouri* today would cost us more than a hundred million dollars, the U.N., upon which the world's hopes for peace are built, has cost this country only sixty-six million.

Lodge knows that the verbal brass knuckles and insults which at present pass for diplomacy at the U.N. represent a dangerous interlude in international relations and are not the expressions of the ultimate aim of statesmanship. The U.N., he told a group of eighty Congressmen, suffers from the exaggerated claims made for it in the last five or six years, which were utterly impossible of fulfilment. Now it is suffering from exaggerated condemnation, because it has not proved a panacea for all the world's ills and brought about the millennium.

LODGE, facing facts as usual, has described the U.N. as "a novel, primitive, exasperating, essential contrivance which has already accomplished some useful things." He is well aware that in 1955 it will face a major crisis when its charter, by no means perfect, will be subject to review. The faults and failures of the U.N., however, do not keep Lodge from recognizing its virtues and successes.

To him it is "the world's greatest adventure in building collective strength"; an open forum for the world, which exerts a powerful influence on the thoughts of peoples everywhere; an organization the creation of which, if it had not already been created, would be the first concern of men of good will in all countries. His strong conviction is that the U.N. offers the one hope of world order, and without that order it is "painfully and incontrovertibly clear" to him that "our ultimate destruction is only a matter of time." He feels, therefore, that Americans and all peoples must be willing to surrender a little in order to gain a lot.

Lodge sums up the present and the future of the United Nations in these terms: "When the Wright Brothers in 1903 at Kitty Hawk, N. C., made an airplane that flew only a short distance, they did not thereupon rush out and destroy it simply because it had not been able to fly a thousand miles. Instead, they set about to improve it until we have the airplane of today."

NEW EDITIONS

Form in Prose or Figures

THREE valuable books that go together well are "A History of Esthetics" (Indiana University Press, $7.50), by Katherine Gilbert and Helmut Kuhn; "Criticism: The Major Texts" (Harcourt, $8), by Walter Jackson Bate; and "The Problems of Aesthetics" (Rinehart, $6), by Eliseo Vivas and Murray Krieger. The first is a new edition, with a new final chapter, of a work published in 1939; the second is an anthology of famous literary criticism, in the widest and deepest sense, plus a considerable amount of excellent editorial commentary; the third brings together some fifty interesting and various "selections from the rich store of contemporary writings on the philosophy of art"—some of which have appeared before in book form, some of which have not—introduced by an editorial essay and by several sectional prefaces.

Dr. Gilbert's and Dr. Kuhn's work, authoritative in its field, records and examines the efforts of Western man, from the days of the early Greeks to our own days, to determine the nature and function of beauty; Professor Bate's anthology gives us many of the texts that are discussed in the Gilbert-Kuhn history, and some besides, from Plato and Aristotle down to Eliot, Babbitt, Hulme, Richards, and Wilson (the "major" of the title might yield to "minor" towards the volume's close); and Professors Vivas and Krieger enable us to study, within a single "book of readings," a representative portion of the work that is being done today to solve—with old and new strategies, with old and new angles of vision and value, with sound intelligence and with intellectual ingenuity that verges on hocus-pocus—the eternal problems of esthetics.

The Gilbert-Kuhn history is a serviceable and suggestive guide to a vast and important area of thought; if it has a fault, it is probably that of being weighted a bit too heavily on the German side, with a consequent neglect of the French. Professor Bate has made just the sort of anthology that some of his readers would like to have made, and he has proved himself master of his material with enviable knowledge and intelligence.

Let us say Amen when he declares: "The most challenging task now awaiting critical theory is perhaps one of synthesis rather than further particularized investigation: a synthesis that will assimilate the fruits of historical study, and that will in turn render historical investigation more critically alert and more broadly humanistic in its aim." The Vivas-Krieger book of readings suggests to us the fact that "particularized investigation" can be carried to a point where the investigators, supposedly working in the same field, cannot even communicate intelligibly with one another. And there is also, of course, the danger that they will have less and less to communicate.

TO readers who would try to probe, in the best of company, to the very roots of the thought-forms and thought-processes by which we live—and therefore to the very roots of art—I recommend as strongly as possible Ernst Cassirer's "Language and Myth" (Dover, $1.25), translated by Susanne K. Langer. In this short study Cassirer went behind, or below, conventional theories of knowledge, to trace the interactive rise of myth and language from pre-logical beginnings—from their "original and indissoluble correlation with one another, from which they both emerge but gradually as independent elements"—to the heights of poetry, religion, and science. From Dover also, for the mathematically minded, come Struik's "A Concise History of Mathematics" ($1.60), Heisenberg's "The Physical Principles of the Quantum Theory" ($1.25), and "Mathematical Recreations" ($1.60), by Maurice Kraitchik.

Excellent additions to the Life, Literature, and Thought Library (Barnes & Noble, $2.50 each) are "Elizabethan Lyrics: A Critical Anthology," edited by Kenneth Muir, and "English Pastoral Poetry, from the Beginnings to Marvell," edited by Frank Kermode. A notable new World's Classic is "Five Plays by Ben Jonson" (Oxford, $2). Another World's Classic and favorite of mine is Trollope's "Autobiography," now reprinted from the Frederick Page text. "Great Expectations" ($3), with an introduction by Mr. Page, has been added to the New Oxford "Illustrated Dickens." And invaluable is the word for the revised edition of "Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable" (Harper, $5).

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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Ride, Tallulah!

FROM surface indications, a movie called **"Main Street to Broadway"** would appear to be one of those robust tributes to the theatre we get now and then, filled to the brim with incidents showing the glitter and the heartaches, the laughter, tears, and excitement, the gallant girls and lads giving their all to keep the grand traditions alive. Lester Cowan, who produced the movie, may well have had something of this sort in mind, but the conception—if this it was—never reached fulfilment. He got so far as to line up the talent, but after that it's as though the members of a freshman class in cinema production took over and pretended to be professional. One would have expected some ineptness, if that were the case, but how do you account for it when you have on the credits list such experienced people as Tay Garnett, the director; James Wong Howe, cameraman; Samson Raphaelson, author of the screenplay; and Robert E. Sherwood, who supplied the story idea? What they have wrought is not only dull, it's downright amateurish. I can't understand what happened, so I must simply report the facts.

The cast includes Tallullah Bankhead, Ethel and Lionel Barrymore, Gertrude Berg, Rex Harrison and Lilli Palmer, Shirley Booth, Louis Calhern, Oscar Hammerstein II, Richard Rodgers, Joshua Logan, Mary Martin, and Helen Hayes—all playing themselves. Playing somebody else are Agnes Moorhead and Herb Shriner, along with two featured newcomers, Tom Morton and Mary Murphy. The story deals with a young writer and his attempts to write for the theatre. Never, to my memory, have the struggles of a creative young man been made to seem less attractive. When his play is finally produced and turns out to be a flop, one feels morbidly happy about it. The obnoxious young man is romantically involved with a would-be actress from Terre Haute, and her *Sturm und Drang* has to do with whether she will stick to the writer or turn for solace to a young hardware store entrepreneur (Herb Shriner.) Unaccountably, she turns down the hardware business and chooses the rocky path of administering to the creative genius. Meanwhile they meet all those glamorous creatures of the theatre, enabling the audience to be given gloomy glimpses of Hammerstein and Rodgers composing a song, Hirschfield drawing a caricature, Mary Martin rehearsing, and the Rex Harrisons deciding what they will have for supper. There is an opening-night scene showing Brooks Atkinson, John Mason Brown, and Walter Kerr standing in the lobby, all looking very cryptic, and some noted denizens of the first-night world all looking very pleased with themselves. Tallullah Bankhead appears more frequently in the picture than any of her compatriots and gives a foolish, strident performance. The theatre will die for sure if a few more pictures of this quality appear.

* * *

"The Sea Around Us," a documentary produced by Irving Allen for RKO, must have seemed, at inception, a promising venture too. The beautifully written study of the ocean depths that take up most of the earth's surface presented some challenging problems for filming, certainly, but techniques are available for overcoming them. Presumably not available was the necessary financing, and Mr. Allen has largely gone about compiling what shots of the sea and its fascinating life were around. These include some nice studies of marine microscopic life, pictures of beautiful but deadly fish, a photographed account of a whale hunt, as well as one of the breeding habits of sea turtles. Much of this material has been seen before, in one form or another, and it adds up to only the skimpiest rendering of the richly evocative qualities of the book. If you haven't come across this type of natural history before, it might be worth your time to see it now, but don't expect anything comparable to Miss Carson's work.

* * *

Robert Taylor, Ava Gardner, and Howard Keel may be seen in a dullish Western called **"Ride, Vaquero!"** This one takes place in old Texas and has to do with making the state safe for cattle empires and oil wells. The principal trouble comes from a band of Mexican Indian bandits, led by Anthony Quinn, who really takes his role seriously. He drinks and bellows in approved "Viva Zapata!" style, and perhaps the most interesting thing about the picture is that he and Robert Taylor engage in a gun duel and shoot each other to death. I said Robert Taylor. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

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The Big Layoff

I'M CONEY. When I see my first robin around the middle of March it means but one thing to me—spring is here. And when around the middle of June I see my first mink coat instinctively I recognize it as the harbinger of summer, and soon a lady named Bess Myerson will be taking over as a TV replacement of the Colgate Comedy Hour with a show called "The Big Payoff," and it's time to shut the thing off, put my eyes back into their sockets, and call it a season.

I think it can be safely said that "The Big Payoff" is representative of the imagination and ingenuity that go into the creation of most television programs which make up the July-August season known as The Big Layoff.

And I say this without ever having seen the show, only having heard it mentioned each year in advance trailers, from which I gather it has something to do with giving away mink coats—just how they do it you will never be able to prove by me, because long ago I made up my mind never to watch it, but accept it only as the signal that the summer hiatus is upon us and the better things on television either disappear from view entirely, or hang around in spirit, materializing in some ectoplasmic film known in the trade as "repeats."

I suppose it's a little unfair for a professed critic to criticize something he admits he has never seen, and hopes never to see, but it's a stubborn streak that has come upon me, even as once some years ago I made up my mind never to see Dennis King in anything. I never understood what brought on the notion and for years I avoided any play on Broadway in which Dennis King appeared. Perhaps I had him confused with Dennis Morgan, or Dennis Day, or Denise Darcel.

Then one day I attended a matinee performance of "The Devil's Disciple" starring Maurice Evans, and at the conclusion of the second act I found myself on my feet with the rest of the audience shouting bravos for the actor who played General Burgoyne. Dennis King gave one of the most scintillating performances Broadway had ever witnessed.

But I doubt that some sultry Sunday evening will find me standing before my TV set shouting hosannahs for "The Big Payoff." I have a natural aversion for give-aways in general, the lowest form of television entertainment, and when it comes to the giving away of mink coats the revulsion is unbearable.

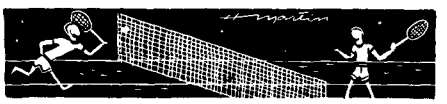
It wouldn't take too many sessions on a couch to reveal that it all dates back to the several winters in my twenty-odd years of domestic felicity when I became involved in the purchase of several mink coats. That's what I call The Big Payoff. And a sympathetic auditor, who tried to assuage the blow tax-wise by declaring me an unincorporated holding company of some sort, finally came up with the decision that I could deduct the coats from my income. Not from my tax, mind you, just from my income.

TELEVISION seems determined to fill up its summer schedule with the usual stale quiz shows and a sprinkling of cheap murder mysteries—the give-aways and the dead give-aways. Radio in its heyday devoted the summer seasons to producing new and bright experiments in entertainment, from which there came some of the better shows that made up the regular winter schedule. I notice radio is doing it even now. Television, I suggest, would do well to follow in its footsteps.

I must admit that last summer television did manage to come up with one summer replacement which has become one of our top series in the regular season's schedule. For which television deserves a pat on the head, notwithstanding the fact that the show was about to be taken off of television when the summer ended and placed on a shelf, were it not for the letters from the viewers protesting the move, and we have now "Mr. Peepers" as one of our top television programs.

But so far this season the television fare has been desolate. Even the telecasts of the Yankee ball games find the champions floundering in a summer replacement script. I'm going to save my eyes this summer and listen to radio—that is if I can break myself of this new habit I've developed. I sit there and stare at my radio set.

—GOODMAN ACE.



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Just Published

MANY of the books described below, which because of limitations of space cannot be reviewed in this issue, will be given more extended notice in early issues.

ADOBE WALLS. By W. R. Burnett. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3. A novel of the last uprising of the Apaches, and of how the Army, through the deeds of an ill-tempered scout named Walter Grein, finally quelled it.

ANTHOLOGY OF MODERN ESTONIAN POETRY. Compiled and translated by W. K. Matthews. Gainesville: University of Florida Press. $3. A collection of the modern lyrics and folk songs of a practically forgotten nation, brought together by a professor at the University of London.

BALZAC AND THE MODEL. By Samuel Rogers. Madison: University of Wisconsin Press. $3.50. An introductory guide to a critical study of the novels of Balzac.

BEYOND THIS PLACE. By A. J. Cronin. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3.75. Dr. Cronin here turns his facile hand to writing a mystery (much of which ran in *Collier's*) about a boy who discovers that his supposedly dead father is actually in prison for life on a trumped-up charge, which the boy proves to free his father.

BILLY THE KID. By Edwin Corle. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $3.75. A novel, documented by old-timers the author has talked to, based on the life of Billy the Kid, who singlehandedly makes the boys of Murder, Inc., look like a bunch of lily foots doing the Lambeth Walk.

BOX, PIT, AND GALLERY: Stage and Society in Johnson's London. By James J. Lynch. Berkeley: University of California Press. $5. A study of the drama in London in mid-eighteenth century, as seen through its adherents and the crowds of all types that were attracted.

THE CITY. By Julius Horwitz. Cleveland: World Publishing Co. $3. A collection of stories and sketches about New York City, which deal predominantly with its Jewish population, and range from the brouhaha of the garment district to the well-iced areas of Sutton Place.

THE CITY OF ANGER. By William Manchester. New York: Ballantine Books. Clothbound, $3. Paperbound, 50¢. A novel, whose subject matter is taken from just behind today's headlines, about two big-city bosses and a police commissioner lopping off each other's ears during an election year.

CONVERSATIONS WITH KAFKA. By Gustav Janouch. New York: Frederick A. Praeger. $3. The author, who was a struggling young writer in Czechoslovakia in 1921, has here brought together transcripts of actual conversations which he had with Kafka when that writer was at the peak of his creative powers, and living the last three years of his life.

COUNTRY DANCE. By Katharine Morris. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3. A novel of licit and illicit love among farming people that gets its start from the frictions set up by, of all things, a country dance.

A CRITICAL HISTORY OF CHILDREN'S LITERATURE. By Cornelia Meigs, Elizabeth Nesbitt, Anne Eaton, and Ruth Hill Viguers. New York: The Macmillan Co. $7.50. A pioneering work that seeks to analyze the literature written expressly for children, starting with the medieval romances, working down through the first real flowering that took place in nineteenth-century England, and ending with such modern masters as Beatrix Potter and E. B. White.

THE DART PLAYERS. By Jerrard Tickell. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3. A bantamweight English novel by the author of "Island Rescue," in which the darts club of The Hand and Flower find all sorts of misadventures on a group-trip to Boulogne.

THE DEEP SIX. By Martin Dibner. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3.50. A new novel about the U.S. Navy in World War II, which is set in the Aleutians and concerns the battles that Lieutenant Alec Austen wages against the stiff-backed lobsters of the Regular Navy.

DEMOCRACY AND THE PARTY MOVEMENT IN PREWAR JAPAN. By Robert A. Scalapino. Berkeley: University of California Press. $6.50. A study of the democratic movement that burgeoned, then failed in Japan during the years 1890 to 1932.

THE DESIRE AND PURSUIT OF THE WHOLE. By Baron Corvo. New York: New Directions. $4. The first American edition of a novel written in Venice during the last years of his life by the eccentric English novelist. It deals with the love affair—in Venice—of a cultivated older man and a teen-age girl.

FARM POLICIES OF THE UNITED STATES: 1790-1950. By Murray R. Benedict. New York: The Twentieth Century Fund. $5. A thorough examination of this country's agricultural policies over the past 160 years, by a professor of agricultural economics at the University of California.

FLAMING MINISTER: A Study of Othello. By G. R. Elliott. Durham, N. C.: Duke University Press. $4.50. A close analysis of Shakespeare's tragedy by a professor emeritus at Amherst College.

THE FORGING OF AMERICAN SOCIALISM: Origins of the Modern Movement. By Howard H. Quint. Columbia: University of South Carolina Press. $6. A survey of the impact of Socialism in America from 1886 to 1901.

THE HASTENING WIND. By Edward Grierson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50. A novel set in the France of 1803, which deals with an unsuccessful attempt by a band of exiled royalists to unseat Napoleon and reinstate the monarchy.

THE HISTORIAN'S CRAFT. By Marc Bloch. Translated by Peter Putnam. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3. A two-thirds complete critical work on the methods and aims of writing history, written by a late professor at the Sorbonne who was shot in 1944 by the Germans.

A HISTORY OF THE MIDDLE AGES: 284-1500. By Sidney Painter. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $7.50. A new history of the dark years of the West between the beginnings of Christianity and the eventual cultural explosion of the Renaissance.

HORN OF THE HUNTER. By Robert C. Ruark. New York: Doubleday & Co. $5.95. A complete account, not incorporating the reports of it which appeared in his newspaper column, of a big-game hunting trip the author and his wife took in Africa in 1951. Photographs and illustrations.

ICEBOUND SUMMER. By Sally Carrighar. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $4. Further nature reporting by an experienced hand, this time on the spring-to-winter doings of animal life in the Far North.

IMPERIAL COMMUNISM. By Anthony T. Bouscaren. Washington, D.C.: Public Affairs Press. $3.75. The first of a series of monographs to be written by such as Julian Huxley, Harry Truman, and Dorothy Thompson on current affairs. This one deals hard-headedly with what the author believes to be an absolute fact: Russia is out to conquer the world.

INDIAN COUNTRY. By Dorothy N. Johnson. New York: Ballantine Books. Clothbound, $2. Paperbound, 35¢. A collection of short stories taken from *Collier's* and the *Saturday Evening Post* that are concerned with the Old West, the square-shooters, and the Indians.

A LADY AT BAY. By Edgar Maass. Translated by Richard and Clara Winston. New York. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50. A poisoning, the sleuthing of one Lt. Desgrez, and the eventual trying and execution of the Marquise de Brinvilliers are the main ingredients of this novel set in Paris during the reign of Louis XIV.

LADY WITH A SPEAR. By Eugenie Clark. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.50. To prove that the ladies have gotten into every cranny of the world, here are the experiences of one of them who has spent a good deal of her life as a subaqueous explorer and has, in her swims about the world, rubbed fins with everything from a filefish to a dugong.

THE LEGACY OF PERSIA. Edited by A. J. Arberry. New York: Oxford University Press. $6. A collection of thirteen essays on the cultural acumen which ancient Persia has contributed to the world.

THE LIFE AND WORK OF VAN GOGH. By Carl Nordenfalk. New York: Philosophical Library. $6. A critical biography of Van Gogh written by a Swedish art critic, with reproductions of his work, some new letters, and an introduction by the great painter's nephew.

LONDON CALLING THE NORTH POLE. By H. J. Giskes. New York: British Book Centre. $3.50. The eye-opening story of British and German espionage in the Lowlands during the last war, as told by the former Chief of German Counter-Espionage in Holland.

THE LONG WAY ROUND. by Pat Frank. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3. The author of "Mr. Adam" and "Hold Back the Night" in a chatty, reminiscent mood about his experiences in the Korean War, and of a long trip which took him from Atlantic Beach to Korea to Istanbul, and gave his book a title.

A MINGLED YARN. By H. M. Tomlinson. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. $3.50. A companion volume of essays to "The Face of the Earth," issued for Mr. Tomlinson's eightieth birthday and including discussions of the machine, Hakluyt's heroes, the Malay Peninsula, the Amazon jungles, and "On Being Out of Date."

THE MONUMENT ROSE. By Jean Garrigue. New York: The Noonday Press. $3. A second book of poems by one of the better, and more independent, of the younger American poets.

THE MOUNTAIN. By Henri Troyat. New York: Simon & Schuster. $2.50. A novel concerning two Swiss brothers—one a Cain and the other an Abel—who set out to rescue the survivors of an airplane that has crashed on one of the Swiss Alps.

A MULTITUDE OF SINS. By Robert Molloy. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3.50. The further adventures of Miss Julie Gerard, who has made some money for Mr. Molloy before, as she goes about saving the soul of a relcalcitrant cousin in 1918, and in so doing wags the Charleston of that day by its very tail.

THE NAMES OF JESUS. By Vincent Taylor. New York: St. Martin's Press. $3. Mr. Taylor, a well-known British scholar of the New Testament, has written this book around the thesis that by tracing the various names given to Christ—from "The Lord" through "The Image of God"—it is possible to delineate the thinking that went into the writing of the New Testament as well as the life and beliefs of the early Christians.

THE PAPERS OF THOMAS JEFFERSON. Edited by Julian P. Boyd. Princeton University Press. $10. The seventh volume of the projected fifty-two-volume work which will bring together all of Thomas Jefferson's writings. Covers 1784-85.

PARKMAN'S HISTORY. By Otis A. Pease. New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press. $3. A long essay on the historical methods of one of our earliest and finest historians.

REPUBLICANS ON THE POTOMAC: The New Republicans in Action. By Jay Franklin. New York: The McBride Co. $3.50. A survey of the newly-minted gentlemen now running our Government in Washington, and of the pitfalls that lie in their path, by the author of the "New Dealers," a companion volume put out in 1933 which sold over 600,000 copies.

THE ROAD TO SAFETY. By Sir Arthur Willert. New York: Frederick A. Praeger. $3.50. A study, through the actions of Sir William Wiseman, of the close diplomatic relations that existed between Washington and London during the First World War.

THE SEVENTH SENSE. By Kenneth Roberts. New York: Doubleday & Co. $4. Mr. Roberts, who has apparently given up the rigors of writing good historical fiction, here puts to paper the further adventures of his friend Henry Gross, whose dousing rod can break water from a parched stone. —W. B.

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Continued from page 23

good thing, too," he says of his unexpected new career. "Keeps you young, figuring out things like these."

One of his most ingenious co-workers is Grandmother Helen Monahan, who makes the costumes which from out front look like a million-dollar wardrobe but are really cast-off curtains, negligees, and other well-worn bits of fabric. "They must be," she explains. "New materials won't dye or fall into the soft, shadowy folds that we must have." Supporting her and Clarence Upson Young, the pageant's producer, are a backstage crew of businessmen, students, artists, and housewives, all convinced that what they are doing is fun.

The festival has done as much for music in Laguna as for the other arts. The bowl audience, subtly coaxed into the mood of each "living picture" by violins, woodwinds, and voices, would readily believe that the musicians were recruited from the nation's best. Actually, Laguna has little more native talent than most small towns. The difference is that it has a goal—an appearance on the festival program has become a distinction worth working for. Competition for places has developed the Julian Brodetsky instrumental ensemble and the Laguna Beach Festival Choir into units that would win over critics anywhere.

SIX years ago Russell Iredell, a pioneer of the art colony, and Mrs. Evadna Perry, art director of the county's schools, began to display the artistic creations of school children at the festival. Today the Junior Art Gallery's displays, representing sixty schools of the area, have an uninhibited dash and charm that hold spectators for hours. The sponsors' one problem is convincing adult enthusiasts that the pictures are not for sale.

"It just wouldn't be fair to the child or his classmates," they explain. The rule is ironclad, as comedian Bob Hope and his wife found when they fell in love with "Las Posadas," Mary's and Joseph's search for lodgings in Bethlehem as seen in watercolors by fourth grader Marian Grinager. But weeks of correspondence finally rewarded the Hopes' persistence: nine-year-old Marian graciously made a gift of "Las Posadas" to Hollywood's wealthiest comedian. That she soon received a valuable St. Genesius medallion as a gift from him was beside the point; she had expected nothing in return. The rule remained inviolate and everyone was happy.

PART of the receipts of the Laguna festival support free evening art classes open to anyone who works by day. The first to enroll were the expected handful already interested in painting. Then a wife would bring a husband, or a storekeeper on an idle evening would look in out of curiosity and be induced to pick up a palette and brushes. A lawyer, coaxed into the classes, after the first embarrassed fumblings would begin to glow with the happy discovery that he could curve a line and blend colors along with the fellow in the next seat—and that the result, if not art, was at least an evening's fun. Today fully half of the town's business and professional men are backyard painters.

Another return in which everyone shares comes from the half of the festival's profits that is turned over to the city. This goes exclusively into flowers, trees, landscaping, and other projects to make Laguna more beautiful.

But it is the festival's intangible product, community spirit, that is making Laguna more livable each year. Everyone knows everyone. Church and race and class lines dissolve, business and social rivalries are submerged for months while everyone works at what has become the whole town's hobby. And each year, when the excitement is over, there is a new residue of friendships and tolerance and understanding. That is the rarest profit to come from this ridiculously misnamed "nonprofit enterprise."

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Madeline and Roderick Usher, in "The Fall of the House of Usher," by Edgar Allan Poe. 2. Manuel and Esteban, in "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thorton Wilder. 3. Thaddeus and Bartholomew Sholto, in "The Sign of the Four," by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. 4. Sebastian and Viola, in "Twelfth Night," by William Shakespeare. 5. Idabel and Florabel Thompkins, in "Other Voices, Other Rooms," by Truman Capote. 6. Louis XIV of France and Philippe Marchiali, in "The Man in the Iron Mask," by Alexandre Dumas. 7. Stuart and Brent Tarleton, in "Gone With the Wind," by Margaret Mitchell. 8. Ivar and Skule Erlendssön, in "Kristin Lavransdatter," by Sigrid Undset. 9. Grover and Ben Gant, in "Look Homeward, Angel," by Thomas Wolfe. 10. Frederic and Hugo, in "Ring Round the Moon," by Jean Anouilh.

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THE INTIMATE AMERICA

"AND WHAT is your name?" asked the Frenchman of two American soldiers riding with him in a third-class railroad carriage during the First World War.

"Dobbs," said the one who could understand French. "And my buddy's is Shaw."

The Frenchman pondered: "Dobbs . . . Shaw . . . Strange! These are not American names."

"What makes you think that?" inquired the American soldier.

"Well," said the Frenchman firmly, shaking his head, "real *American* names are something like 'Black Avk' or 'Sitain Bewl'."

Such was his America. However, it is ours, too. That which could not be anything else.

On the other hand, even now, things happen in other lands which could not possibly take place in America. For instance, can you picture a national bicycle race around the whole border and coastline of the United States such as they have in France every year? "The Tour of USA" on two wheels is unthinkable. The American national sport, of course, is baseball.

Hence the following report on as-American-as-they-come features: Indians and baseball.

—CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP.

WHEN THE MOON IS NEW. A Seminole Indian Story. By Laura Bannon. Illustrations by the author. Chicago: Albert Whitman & Co. No paging. $2.75.

Easy-to-read large black type adds to the attractiveness of this simple, direct, well-composed story of Little Rainbow Jumper, a small Seminole Indian girl. The pictures have the same quality as the text, and a lot is learned, through both, about present-day Seminole Indians, their dignity, their sense of beauty and reverence in all they do, their poetical closeness to everything in nature. Many a white girl, "seven summers old" or even older, will enjoy making their acquaintance through this well-observed tender tale. This is an Honor Book of the *New York Herald Tribune* Spring Festival 1953.

EAGLE FEATHER. By Clyde Robert Bulla. Illustrated by Tom Arrow. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 88 pp. $2.50.

Eagle Feather was a ten-year-old Navajo Indian. He was shepherd for his Uncle Crooked Nose, who was not kind to him. Eagle Feather ran away . . . and all ended well.

There is a lot of atmosphere in this story picture book, and one learns a good deal about present-day Navajos. The simple and plausible plot is well developed, the sentences direct and short. The book is full of open space feeling, wind, smells, and sounds. There are three songs with music. The unpretentious drawings have a pleasant sincerity.

Children will want to read "Eagle Feather" over and over again. And probably many parents reading it to them will also be touched by the poetic quality of this unassuming book.

THE CROW INDIANS: Hunters of the Northern Plains. By Sonia Bleeker. New York: William Morrow & Co. 156 pp. $2.

This fifth book in this excellent series will particularly appeal to boys because of the vivid word pictures of buffalo hunts and an Indian boy's preparation for them.

—MARY GOULD DAVIS.

CHIEF JOSEPH OF THE NEZ PERCES. By Shannon Garst. Illustrated by Douglas Gorsline. New York: Julian Messner. 184 pp. $2.75.

OURAY THE ARROW. By Olive Burt. Illustrated by Harper. New York: Julian Messner. 184 pp. $2.75.

THE FLICKER'S FEATHER. By Merritt Parmelee Allen. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 220 pp. $2.75.

INDIAN DRUMS BEAT AGAIN. By Frances McGuire. New York: Dutton. 125 pp. $2.50.

Indians and cowboys, pioneering white men, noble savages sometimes, villainous red men, wise chiefs, scouts speaking the language of the animals in the forests of a great continent and on its Great Plains for more than a century have been the dramatic stuff of boys' books not only in America but all over Europe. Many follow old patterns of conventional derring-do, sometimes heroic red men, sometimes the pioneering, pushing, shoving, civilizing white men. One thing is noticeable this year. The developing science of anthropology touches the authors of all these books. Two of them append excellent bibliographies, and the rough-and-tumble of adventure, old wars, and conquest is mixed with the codes of recognized native cultures of many tribes. The firm of Morrow has served forth a series, well illustrated, and promises us, tribe by tribe, a little library of American Indian tribal ways of life, East, West, North, and South, each different and special.

Chief Joseph of the Nez Percés is the twelfth biography by Shannon Garst, whose stories celebrate real lives from Amelia Earhart and Big Foot Wallace to Sitting Bull and Will Rogers. He knows the lay of our American land and both the red men and white men whose stories are part of our own particular history. He begins with Chief Joseph as a boy, son of a chief but not yet chosen himself, and how he wins his colt from the Appaloosa herd, a breed of horse for which the Nez Percés tribe were justly famous throughout the Northwest. It is based on excellent historical research. The author gives her bibliography at the book's end and invites readers to learn more and more about this Indian boy. When another tribe, the Cayuse, had massacred some Oregon settlers, war spread among the whites and Indians. Joseph was a leader whose judgment could prevail and though it meant giving up the land of his fathers, he was willing to lead his own tribe to a barren reservation. White revenge prevented this; and the Nez Percés turned and fought. In the bitter struggle, brilliantly led by Joseph, his tribesmen, hungry, decimated, held off the cream of the U.S. Army. When at last he surrendered on the promise

—By Althea Karr for "The Crow Indians."

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of restoration of his lands, he was a truly American hero. This is a book where dramatic narrative, true history, and enduring lessons in manners, morals, and justice could prepare U.S. boys for citizenship and dealing with other natives on other continents. Nineteen fifty-three is, in a way, The Year of Chief Joseph, and this account of him for boys is perhaps even better than the one by Robert Pinkerton currently appearing in *True, the Man's Magazine.*

"Ouray the Arrow" is a carefully told melodramatic story based on great research and a lifelong interest in the Indians of the West by a distinguished Utah journalist. Her grandmother had adopted a Navaho boy and brought him up with her own children and learned the language of the Indians who often stopped to talk with her. Like the story of Chief Joseph, it is a tale of wars and of the white man's search for gold in the Rockies, of an Indian who believed in peace and negotiation, a man known to and trusted by President Lincoln, a peacemaker, a tragic figure.

Merritt Parmelee Allen, another veteran who uses early American history for his characters and background, chooses colonial times in New Hampshire. His hero of "The Flicker's Feather," young Duff, is not an Indian but he knows the woods and mountains and rivers of New England as the Indians know them; the least sound, the bent twigs, the smell of earth are his language, too, as he plays his part in the French and Indian Wars and the slowly widening rift between British regulars and Colonial backwoodsman in the years before 1776. Merritt Allen is an old hand with historical and school stories. He writes with an especial skill in dramatic dialogue.

In "Indian Drums Beat Again," Frances McGuire takes modern times and one Indian and tells a simple story of the friendship of Rockey Mathews, aged twelve, and Strong Eagle, known as Pete, who works up at Mackinac. This, too, is an historical story, for what Pete drives to meet the vacationers is a surrey (no mention of a fringe on top) and what the two boys have in common is a passion for horses. The plot of the book is bound up with detection of two scoundrels, and the saving of Pete's license as a driver of the surrey. Furthermore Rocky ends up as a member of the Ojibway tribe, with the proud name of Swift Panther. And the friends share the ownership of Pete's horse, Thunderbolt. Lots of boys will vote for Mackinac when next year's summer holiday comes up at family breakfast tables.

—ERNESTINE EVANS.

LARRY OF LITTLE LEAGUE. By Curtis Bishop. Austin, Texas: The Steck Co. 161 pp. $2.

Larry was ten years old and too small for his age to get into a game in the Little League. But he had the will to work hard, the brains to learn valuable lessons on the field and off, and the spirit of a real hero. What he did for his team and himself makes a well-told story full of sound advice, baseball and otherwise, for youngsters of Little League age.

—MERRITT P. ALLEN.

SAFE ON THE SECOND: The Story of a Little Leaguer. By Edd Winfield Parks: Illustrated by Al Wenzel. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 199 pp. $2.

In this story Tom Winton makes a good fight to overcome a physical handicap and win a place on a Little League team. A young reader of this book can learn many of the ins and outs of baseball and how these juvenile leagues operate. A ten- or twelve-year-old will find considerable excitement in the action, most of which takes place on the diamond.

—M. P. A.

BEHIND THE BAT. By Robert Sidney Bowen. New York: Lothrop Lee & Shepherd Co., Inc. 158 pp. $2.50.

On the day his son Tommy was born and he received a big-league contract, Johnny Morse disappeared. Eighteen years later Tommy entered the majors. Baseball was in his blood but he had not found himself. They farmed him out to a Texas team and there Pop Smith, a lovable and eccentric coach, helped him realize his dreams—two of them.

As far as the game goes it is a well-written story. The descriptions of diamond battles are vivid, mature in treatment, and not cluttered up with technical details. The rest of it might have been improved by more careful handling of the suspense, but it is a good yarn that should please any young baseball enthusiast.

—M. P. A.

DUGOUT MYSTERY. By M. G. Bonner. Illustrated by Jonathan David. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 209 pp. $2.50

The Young Yankees worked and saved for months to raise the price of uniforms for the big game, then wham! the money disappeared from its hiding place under the dugout floor. It was a tragedy for the kids and the way they met it, while keeping in trim for the championship, makes a story of amateur sleuthing

—By Jonathan David for "Dugout Mystery."

and baseball that will be eagerly read by youngsters of eight or ten years.

—M. P. A.

MR. UMP. By Babe Pinelli, Philadelphia: The Westminster Press. 184 pp. $2.50.

Memoirs of baseball heroes are fairly common but seldom do we get the life story of an umpire. Perhaps this is because so many people do not realize that the man in the blue suit knows more about the game and those who play it than anyone on the diamond. This book is a revelation in that respect. The author was in big time as a player for sixteen years and as an umpire for twenty years. The light he throws on the strenuous work of those in his profession is of great value to the average reader young or old and his reminiscences of great players and great games are vastly entertaining. Mighty men like Ty Cobb and Babe Ruth were his daily associates and, while admiring their prowess, he calls 'em as he sees 'em. The story also concerns his struggle against poverty and a fiery temper.

—M. P. A.

SWITCH HITTER. By Duane Decker. New York: William Morrow & Co., Inc. 218 pp. $2.50.

Here is another story about a rookie in big-league baseball. This youngster had everything it takes except the ability to live with himself. It nearly cost him his career but he woke up in time to save himself and his team.

—M. P. A.

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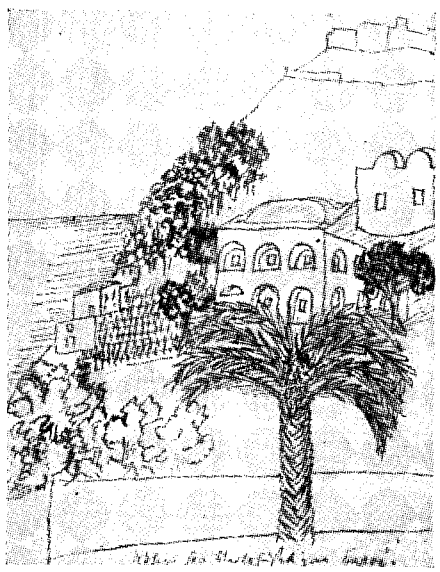

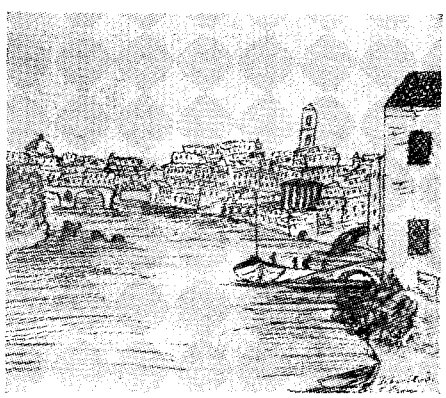

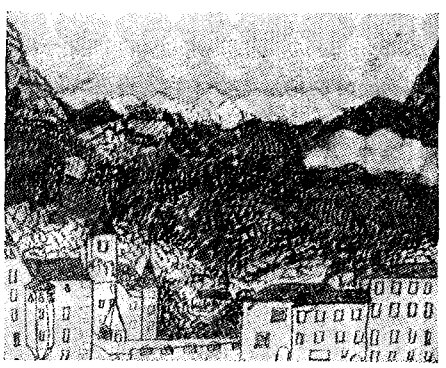

Some of Andersen's travel sketches.

Come on to Aarhus

FREDERIKSHAVN, DENMARK.

FOR anyone who is man enough to extricate himself from the whipped-cream world of Copenhagen, there awaits in the Danish hinterland a whole elfin universe studded with such frothy bits as castles, storks nesting on village roofs, and thatch-topped, half-timbered houses that bulge with age like overstuffed *hausfraus* with the supports removed.

When it comes to a gnomelike sense of humor the Danes can match twinkles with man or magi, and it seems inevitable that the three- and four-day excursions which follow a planned route through the provinces should be known as the Fairy Tale Tour. Fairyland itself is a gentle tract these summer months, rolling softly now and then, the cooling winds off the sea (which is never more than sixty kilometers away) riffling through the tall rye until the fields seem to roll like grass waves. Here and there white caps of daisies break through, and sometimes there is a spattering of orange poppies. Everywhere there are the fat brown herds and the mammoth horses, posing like heroic statues, sable gray.

I am not a man who can find many a new delight in many an old quarry, however historic, but I must say that fairyland began for me at the castle of Egeskov on the island of Funen. A castle that is an exhibition hall of antique furniture is a soulless shell, but Egeskov is home to a noble family to this day, and visitors who pay half a crown may stroll through the park that surrounds its moat. Egeskov was built by a Danish nobleman in 1550 who rammed pilings into the bottom of the lake and put his castle on top of them.

Odense, Denmark's third city, was the birthplace of Hans Christian Andersen; and it is a charming town utterly uncluttered by bars, grills, and bric-a-brac that bear his name. On the other hand there are natural remembrances of him at every turn—the house on Hans Jensenstraede where he was born, painted yellow to conceal the half-timber, which in those days was more a sign of poverty than of charm; St. John's Church, where he was baptized, with its open-air pulpit hanging over the road so that lepers could be brought in the early days to hear an outdoor service and not contaminate the regular congregation. But mostly there is the Andersen Museum, which adjoins his house and is connected to it by an inside corridor. A series of frescos in the rotunda tell the highlights—Hans as a boy with his mother doing needlework, his father a shoemaker; Hans at fourteen in a top hat leaving Odense by stagecoach for the big city and vowing that he would return a famous man; Andersen finishing school at the age of twenty-five, his tuition paid by the manager of the Royal Theatre; Andersen in Naples on one of the trips which he pursued for seven years of his life; Andersen reading fairy tales to the Collins, a Danish family of Swiss origin who befriended him. The elder Collin became his patron, son Edward his longtime friend, daughter Louisa a love he wooed and lost. Another panel shows Andersen with the Danish sculptor Thorvaldsen, also a poor man's son, meeting at a manor house in Zealand after both had become renowned; Jenny Lind, another of his loves, singing for the Duke of Weimar with Andersen sitting on the edge of his chair; and finally the greatest moment of his life when in 1867 he returned to Odense to receive the honorary citizenship of the city. Only Frederick VII had been given the honor before, and no one has received it since.

OF THE multitude of things about Andersen there are his report card from the year 1826, when he was twenty-one, too big and too old for the rest of his class at the school in Elsinore. In spoken Latin he got G-minus, which is not good; in written Latin TG, which is very bad; in Greek MDL, which is bordering on frightful. He was no better in Hebraic, but in Bible studies he was very good, passable in history, excellent in arithmetic and geometry, and his deportment was unquestioned.

There were remembrances of the later years when these things no longer mattered; for example, the poem "Two Brown Eyes," which Andersen wrote for Riborg Voigt, the sister of a friend. Like so many of his loves, Riborg married someone else, and for Andersen there was only the customary pleasure of writing fairy tales for her children. Years later when Riborg died a bouquet of flowers, long dried out, was found among her things with the note,

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"From Andersen 7 August 1830 on Fyrreboi 2."

As an older man Andersen was fond of being represented by the new medium, photography. Again and again his mind would return to the theatre, which was his first love, and the silhouette cuttings he so enjoyed making would frequently show a proscenium, or a curtain, or actors. When he traveled he made sketches so that he could remember settings for the plays and novels he wrote (with considerably less success than his fairy tales), and there are inks of Bologna, Florence, and an umbrella pine on the Monte Mario in Rome. [The sketches down the left-hand column on page 36 were drawn by Andersen on a trip through Italy in 1833-4. They are reproduced by special permission of the Hans Christian Andersen House, Odense, Denmark.] His original script for "The Little Mermaid" shows many scratchings, the words coming with great pain. His passports show his many travels, and in a special case are his famous top hat, the leather hat box which held a spare, his umbrella, the bag given him by the king, and the coil of rope he always carried abroad because of his haunting fear of fires. There is a picture of Dickens's house twice visited by Andersen, the last time for too long—and so their friendship ended. The furniture which Andersen was using when he died is sealed now behind glass, a move that was hastened by the visit of Danny Kaye, who was persuaded by photographers to slip into the man's ancient boots, to don his top hat, and to lie on his bed. The picture men had a field day, and then afterwards the writing press hit Kaye with everything but the Andersen house for his lack of discretion. Now it is with great temerity that so much as Andersen's desk is removed from the glass cage each April 2, his birthday, and some famous thespian—Michael Redgrave and Eva LeGallienne among them—invited to read the famous fairy tales.

STEEPED in Andersen, the Fairy Tale Tour rolls on through Ribe, founded in 948 on the edge of a canal that leads to the sea and still there, not changed very much. The houses curve gently around the cobbled streets, the half-timbered houses meet the new age gracefully with fresh coats of tar, and the storks still come, less of them it's true, flying up from Egypt each year with the spring and nesting on the roofs of Ribe, where the citizens have long built platforms hoping that a stork family would bless them with a good omen and take up residence.

In Aarhus the new world has bravely broken through, and the city hall and the university are magnificent exhibitions of modern Scandinavian architecture, furniture, and interior decoration. For the look of the old, one must repair to Old Town, which is a settlement of some fifty buildings re-created in the Williamsburg technique in the center of the botanical gardens. The buildings are merely a display and no longer lived in, but some of the customs of the day are still handed down. We were in Aarhus for the Danish Midsummer's Eve, the longest day of the year, which derives from the pre-Christian days when the Vikings looked to *nisses*, or goblins. A saucepan of rice pudding was placed on the roof in hopes that the *nisses* would eat it, although more often it was the cat. Witches were burned and their souls dispatched to Bloksbjerg, a sort of hell on earth which exists in the Harz Mountains. The mountain became the legendary meeting place of all witches, and before Midsummer's Eve cartoons appear in the papers showing witches en route to their annual convention. A Danish way of telling someone to go to hell is to tell him to "Go to Bloksbjerg."

On the lawn in front of a restaurant called Varna at the edge of the sea, and in the pit of the amphitheatre at the university big bonfires had been built. As ten o'clock came and the northern sun went to bed, reluctant as a three-year-old, the fires were lighted and old songs sung as the Danes had lighted fires as long as anyone could remember to keep the evil eyes off the rich crops just coming due. In recent days such evil-eyes as Hitler and Goebbels have roasted in effigy atop a Midsummer bonfire, but this year's villain in Odense was no personage more sinful than a *skovsvin*, or in American a litterbug who strews the forest with left-over picnics.

Anyone bound for the lands to the north can take four days in fairyland ($75 complete) ending the tour at Frederikshavn and sailing to Norway or via the trim, white *Kronprinsessen Ingrid* in four hours to the harbor of Gothenberg in Sweden. The excursion can also be taken in three-days ($71) finishing in Aarhus, where the boat sails overnight to Copenhagen. Rounding the top of Zealand the ship slips into The Sound past the massive hulk of Kronberg Castle in Elsinore, where lived the dour Dane. Elsinore is an easy one-day trip out of Copenhagen, and a plaque on the castle wall sums up the whole story. A king's son named

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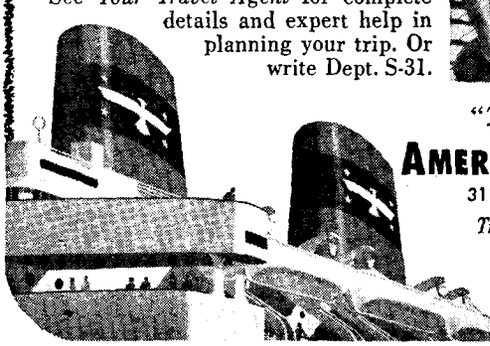

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AmLeth lived in Jutland before the Viking age. Saxo wrote about him during the Middle Ages, and during the Renaissance Shakespeare rewrote the story linking Hamlet's fate with the castle and bringing "eternal fame to the Danish prince" and making Elsinore world famous. Summer "Hamlet" festivals have been given in the castle courtyard and the star performers have included Olivier, Gielgud, and Michael Redgrave, but this year no Hamlet could be found and the cobblestones are bare of all except tourists and tuna fishermen.

THE tourists come all summer, the tuna trappers in August, when—like any good Scandinavian—the tuna are snapping at the heels of the herring. Both tourists and fishermen meet ultimately at a striking new inn three minutes from Elsinore called Kysten's Perle, or the Pearl of the Coast. About 400 patrons can drink and dine on the various balconies and terraces of the Pearl's Miami Beach exterior. Another 500 can ditto in the Pearl's exquisite Danish-modern interior. Barflies who get bored can watch movies shown on screens inlaid in the bar top. As for the sixty-five guests who can be put up overnight, the price is roughly $3 a day European plan, $5 a day with meals. Every room comes equipped with a panel board full of buttons where the guest may with a flick speak to the restaurant, the front desk, or the maid, take telephone calls, tune in the Danish radio and the Swedish radio, and also record messages on a dictaphone.

Fishermen can depart from the hotel pier, be in mid-stream in fifteen minutes, and pay $25 a day for the boat, bait, tackle, and crew. At night in the Hamlet Grill of Kysten's Perle there are the tunamen to talk of tuna, the Swedes—who are twenty-five minutes from Sweden—over to enjoy the easier liquor laws, the American tourist to recite Akvavit-inspired "Hamlet" virtually on location, and the Danes themselves telling their elfin tales.

If you will pardon my bald digression, I feel I must tell you, before finishing this Danish treatise, the elfin tale which to me synthesizes their whole sense of humor. During the war the Germans put up a waist-high concrete wall to protect their sentries from snipers of the Danish underground. The Danes couldn't knock down the barrier by force, but the next morning the top half of the German sentries could be seen parading behind the wall on which had been lettered, "He hasn't any pants." Andersen would have loved that.

—HORACE SUTTON.

My Debt to Arnold Bennett

Continued from page 8

his stammer, but I did not realize then what a remarkable achievement this was for him. I met him soon after, and I have three very vivid memories of him. In those days he was a reviewer on the *Evening Standard*, and it was said that a good notice from Bennett made a book's success. I was just about to publish the novel I had made from my play "Young Woodley." I met Bennett at an evening party a day or so before publication. He called me to his side, told me he had read the book, and added, with his stammer, that I had still not convinced him of the marriage between the schoolmaster and his wife. That was all. I was dismissed. I went abroad the next day, and on the following one I received a telegram from a friend telling me there had been a rave review from Bennett. It was all of that. The defect that he had mentioned seemed to be the only one that he had found, and he did not mention it in his review. He said things that every writer hopes may one day be said of him.

SOON after that I met him at the opening night of a new play. It was not a good play. "I should not have come tonight," Bennett said. "I'm at work myself, and that is the time when you should stay in contact only with the first rate. If you see something of poor quality, you see the resemblances between it and your own work. If you see the first rate, it is a star to hitch your wagon to." I have found this idea in his journals. It was of great importance to him.

Then he saw a play of mine at a Sunday night try-out. I rewrote the play afterwards, largely because of a note that he wrote me, and it became a success. He complained in his note at the end of my first act that he still had no idea of where the play was going. He pointed out that the first act curtain must be a signpost to the audience. I believe this now, very firmly. He ended his ten line letter with the words: "C'est tout, mon coco." I was very proud to be Arnold Bennett's "coco." I still am.

The last memory that I have of him is of an evening when he dined alone with me. I knew about his stammer by now. It was the worst I have ever encountered. He would halt before a word, wholly paralyzed. Nothing came from his lips, not even the first letter of the word. His whole face and body were in a sort of anguish of fruitless effort. I had thought out a method of dealing with the situation. I decided that I would let him eat his food while it was hot, doing all the talking myself. Then, when he had finished, I would attack my own meal, so that he could talk and I would not have to raise my eyes to his face when the stammer started. While he ate his meat I talked of the small town in Wales where I had formerly been a lecturer in law. I knew that my tales would interest him. He told me that his own early experiences as a rent collector had made only one visit to a new setting in that class of living (as, for example, the square in "Riceyman Steps") necessary for him to know all about the insides of the houses there.

I had turned back to my food now, and waited for his talk. He started with a question. "What was that place like for . . ." the words stopped. I had no idea what he wanted to know. He repeated the question, stopping again in the same place. This happened three times. I knew that his face must be red and distorted with effort and anger. Then, suddenly, the word escaped, coming out in a high scream that must have carried over the restaurant. "What was that place like for FORNICATION?"

After dinner that night we went on to see some mutual friends. In the taxi he told me he had finished with his lengthy books, and that "Imperial Palace" was the last of them. I asked how he could be sure of that, suggesting that an artist has no personal control of his material, and wondering what he would do if an idea for a vast novel presented itself to him again. He said that he would reject it, sit on it, that there would be no more long books from Arnold Bennett. There never were.

But it was not his own decision that made that happen, it was the final interruption of death, of a painful death that closed his working days as death had so often ended the lives of his characters, the inevitable finish of a life that he had never ceased to see as strange, wonderful, and tragic. I felt, when I heard the news in America, that I had lost a valued friend, and that the world had lost a fine artist. I have never forgotten the friend, and I hope that the world has remembered or will rediscover the artist. He was an important one.

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Continued from page 21

been worked out in greater detail. But would that not be asking too much of the author? It might have required another volume and an amazing proficiency in the intricacies of international relations for over a century.

Notes

TITO SLOWS THE KREMLIN DRIVE: In his penetrating study of Soviet imperialism, **"Challenge to the Kremlin"** (Frederick A. Praeger, $2.75), Harry Hodgkinson, a former Research officer of Britain's Liberal Parliamentary Party, devotes considerable space to the Tito rebellion against the Kremlin. This development, which Mr. Hodgkinson rightly considers of prime importance, is here viewed within the historic framework of Russian imperialism. Against Austria-Hungary the Russians exploited Pan-Slavism; against the Ottoman Turks, Christianity; today against an "industrialized world hampered by class antagonisms," the ideology called Communism.

As the author points out, Stalin, greatest empire builder of modern times, used politics to carry out his military strategy. His methods followed "a process of accretion and digestion which in its turn has so far always demanded, and given the opportunity and excuse for, a further stage of the same process." Those in the West who are now urging a peace conference with the USSR might keep that fact before them. The Malenkov-Beria team up to now has shown no tendency to repudiate Stalin's imperialism.

But even Stalin's ruthlessness and realism met occasional reverses. Tito's revolt was one, blocking, as it did, Stalin's goal of a frontier on the Adriatic and Aegean. Undoubtedly Malenkov and Beria still have that goal. Time does not mean to the East what it does to the West. The Kremlin knows how to wait. "If necessary the opportunity will be awaited for years or for generations; and in this plan impatience and desire for revenge will have no part whatsoever." For eventual survival, the West will have to manifest staying qualities of character and leadership.

—HENRY C. WOLFE.

HOW STALIN CHANGED: The argument Klaus Mehnert sets forth in **"Stalin Versus Marx"** (translated by Edward Crankshaw. Macmillan, $2) is of a character difficult to deal with on a logical basis. Its approach is almost entirely *ad hominem*; and it is preoccupied throughout with interpretations of subjective motives. What Mehnert does is to show that many of the positions held by Stalin in the later phase of his career are different from those he held earlier, or from those held by Marx. The author also tries to analyze Stalin's hidden motives for adopting the later views, and concludes that they sprang from various aspects of the desire to increase his own power and the power of the Soviet state.

After all this is said and done, the logical issue still remains (if anyone is interested in logic): Are the given Stalinist doctrines contrary to the evidence or not? The fact that a man says something different from what he said twenty-five years before, or from what Marx said seventy-five years before, does not mean his later statements must necessarily be false (unless indeed we accept the premise that what he or Marx said earlier was the complete and absolute truth). Nor does it follow that because a man has something to gain from what he says he must be fibbing. In that case all political philosophies (including our own) which want to gain or hold power would be automatically mendacious.

Mr. Mehnert's discussion revolves mainly around such later Stalinist doctrines as those concerning history, linguistics, the state, nationality, and related questions. Unfortunately, however, the treatment is so closely tied to Stalin as a single individual holding extraordinary power that after his death (which occurred after it went to press) the theses of the book seem almost as if suspended in a vacuum.

—JOHN SOMERVILLE.

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Americana

Continued from page 19

tive, it should be said at once that the Morgans' book is no deadly "monograph." It is a brilliant study—in research, in organization, in thought, and in writing. Happily, the authors decided against a colony-by-colony survey of reactions to the Stamp Act and chose instead to present the general issues in large part as they were seen by particular men—Francis Bernard, Royal Governor of Massachusetts, and Thomas Hutchinson, Lieutenant-Governor; John Robinson, collector of customs in Narragansett Bay; Daniel Dulany, Maryland lawyer and politician; Jared Ingersoll and John Hughes, stamp distributors. Interspersed with the chapters showing the impact of the crisis on these men are others describing the problems of the British Ministry; the resolutions of colonial assemblies and the Stamp Act Congress; the violent mob actions inspired by Sons of Liberty, which often threatened to get beyond their control; and the response to Parliament's Repeal and Declaratory Acts. Though most space is given to the crisis in the colonies, the authors explain how the issues were viewed in England and how repeal led to a stiffening of spirit that would leave no middle ground between submission and revolution in 1776. —J. M. E.

FAITHFUL FOUNDING FATHER: Elias Boudinot and his biographer, George Adams Boyd, share in misfortune. In the last quarter of the eighteenth century those of but moderate ability were likely to be overshadowed by great events and abler men. Times more placid and less demanding would have provided for Boudinot an appropriate setting. What Mr. Boyd writes about his service as president of Congress, 1782-83, perhaps is typical of his life: "No claim is made that Boudinot . . . shone as a star of the first magnitude." Useful and conscientious he was always but no more, and Boyd, in **"Elias Boudinot: Patriot and Statesman, 1740-1821"** (Princeton University Press, $5), seldom tries to make him so. Whether as a member of the Continental Congress, serving as a representative from New Jersey in the first three Congresses under the constitution, commissary-general of prisoners during the War for Independence, director of the United States Mint for ten years, Princeton trustee for forty-nine, first president of the American Bible Society, Boudinot gave his best effort.

The book is based upon conventional sources for the period, including many Boudinot letters. Excessively long quotations from the letters might have been shortened and summarized; attempts at sprightliness reconsidered or deleted; occasional assertions qualified. Mr. Boyd's appraisal of his subject is borne out in his book: "Elias Boudinot was predictable. He was faithful to his family, his country, and his God. Of such is composed the nation's solid care." —Will D. Gilliam, Jr.

COLONIAL JIGS AND MINUETS: A delightful picture of Old Dominion family life in the eighteenth century is presented in Edmund S. Morgan's **"Virginians at Home"** (Colonial Williamsburg, Williamsburg, Va., $2.00). Like its predecessor in the Williamsburg in America Series, Carl Bridenbaugh's "Seat of Empire," Mr. Morgan's book of less than one hundred pages has a deceptive simplicity. It is based upon a thorough knowledge of the sources of Virginia's colonial social history. Good illustrations and sparkling quotations from diaries and the *Virginia Gazette* give a contemporary flavor and vivify the author's generalizations concerning education and apprenticeship, courtship and marriage, the life of indentured servants and Negro slaves, and houses and recreation. Expert use of eyewitness reports makes the reader imagine that he hears the rustle of silks and brocades of the tightly laced ladies at the gentry's balls or sees the free-and-easy jigs of humbler women, unhampered by stays.

Virginia patrician historians have been inclined to write at length, and rather romantically, on Tidewater F. F. V.'s and to ignore the plain folk of the Piedmont and Valley. Mr. Morgan made a deliberate, and successful, effort to present a brief but balanced picture of Virginia home life. —J. M. E.

War

Continued from page 16

and Schmidt," by Charles B. MacDonald and Sidney T. Mathews is a successful experiment in battlefield history in which the non-technical reader may get some of the feel and understand the problems of battle as it is fought by individuals, platoons and companies.

As ONE reads in, if not through, the histories so far published, some general impressions emerge. We know that the war was vast. The histories, permitting one to look inside the complicated parts of the organization for war, study the generals' plans, witness the doughfoot's heroism, ravel the skein of battle from Washington to a French town or a Pacific atoll, view and review the drama of conflict now from a battleship, now from behind a rifle sight, now from a cockpit—the histories somehow make that vastness palpable. It becomes at once stimulating and oppressive, stimulating because it reveals the extraordinary capacity of the nation to organize itself for a single end, oppressive because it still seems tragic that so much should be expended for purposes which however essential are negative.

A second impression builds up without emphasis but ends by possessing one with great force. It is the sense of a seemingly unbroken record of failure by American Intelligence. A striking fact about the Battle of the Philippine Sea is that during the two days it was fought the Americans never succeeded in locating the main Japanese carrier force, even though U. S. submarines actually sank two of the enemy's ships. Why, both before and after the great air battle of June 19, search planes were not pushed out more vigorously from Admiral Mitscher's task force to spot and keep track of the enemy is a question that Mr. Morison meticulously explores without finding a satisfactory answer.

The question is particularly haunting because in various forms it is posed again and again by the histories, both Army and Navy. Is the failure technical? Or does it perhaps point to a weakness in the national character or training—over-confidence, perhaps, or a traditional aversion to snooping, or a temperamental inclination to gamble on direct action rather than try to calculate the best moves exhaustively in advance? The layman can only speculate. But whatever the cause, the fact is alarming, for it leads to an extravagance in

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may not always be able to afford.

A third impression is neither oppressive nor alarming. It is the quiet pride an American must take in the skill and courage of his countrymen who carried out their assignments by sea, land, and air. It is about them primarily that Mr. Morison and his colleagues have written. How overwhelmingly the American soldier, sailor, and airman made good is the one clear message of all the official histories and perhaps their best justification for being.

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* Note: The U.S. Navy is preparing in a separate and official series its administrative and logistical histories. In addition special studies have been produced or sponsored by various naval bureaus. Examples of the latter are "The History of the Chaplain Corps, United States Navy," by C. M. Drury, 2 vols. (Government Printing Office, 1948-1949); "The Navy's Air War: A Mission Completed," edited by A. R. Buchanan (Harper, 1946); "United States Submarine Operations in World War II" (Naval Institute, Annapolis). Some of these are for general, some for special, distribution.

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(Continued on page 42)

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(Continued from page 41)

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Brünhilde's horse which she gave to Siegfried ("Die Götterdämmerung").	102 77 74 180 167
B. Banner indicating nationality; as the Stars and Stripes.	11 130 79 162 97 120
C. Remnants, esp. those which do not match or seem useful (3 wds.).	8 21 191 89 105 60 133 5 101 136 112
D. Exceeding what is necessary.	28 78 107 146 43 117 87 70 155
E. Colloquial abbreviation for persons "who wear 'pants', eat 'lunch' ".	181 160 106 88 144
F. Comic afterpiece or travesty, of Roman antiquity.	103 57 24 119 173
G. Pertaining to the upper throat (Zool.).	131 27 65 72 115
H. Jewish marriage broker.	10 52 19 170 122 127 166 36 23
I. Maori stitchbird.	41 128 141
J. Interior or central part or place.	54 189 154 25 34
K. Tallness; height.	159 37 111 40 56 47 185 75 139
L. Obsolete wind instrument like the oboe; used incorrectly in the Prayer Book for "cornet."	29 124 53 9 48
M. In addition to one's regular occupation (3 wds.).	3 171 15 35 51 116 59 140 92
N. Specifying the "Boundary Dispute" whose slogan was "Fifty-four forty or fight."	4 121 175 165 138 123 67 148 44
O. Raised floor on which is placed the cushion forming the divan (Egypt, etc.).	152 176 80 66 100 110
P. Intimation.	22 81 39 114 153 142 104 33
Q. What Bambi was at first.	45 174 137 135
R. Manifesting taste.	192 71 58 99 132 126 83 157
S. Chemical widely used in removing ink stains (2 wds.).	2 12 63 16 95 61 129 98 179 108
T. An Abyssinian Jew of Hamitic race.	194 13 64 30 199 94 150
U. In the U.S., a convict deemed worthy of confidence and given special privileges.	85 147 198 49 184 20
V. Bequeath (2 wds.).	86 69 96 190 32 143 18 7
W. That part of the plant life of a region used by the aborigines.	55 82 188 1 158 149 186 156 195 134
X. The use of several names for one thing.	76 46 42 168 109 187 196 193 17 91 73
Y. Doctrine that all things tend toward ultimate good, though perhaps not always along the best road.	26 172 145 177 164 118 84 197
Z. Zigzag road up a mountain.	182 161 151 93 68 169 50 38 14 6
Z.¹ In Greek mythology, brother of Sleep and son of Night.	163 178 125 31 113 62 90 183

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	1 W	2 S	■	3 M	4 N	5 C	■	6 Z	7 V	8 C
9 L	10 H	■	11 B	12 S	13 T	14 Z	15 M	16 S	17 X	■	18 V	19 H	20 U	■	21 C	22 P
23 H	24 F	25 J	26 Y	27 G	28 D	29 L	■	30 T	31 Z¹	32 V	■	33 P	34 J	35 M	36 H	37 K
■	38 Z	39 P	40 K	41 I	42 X	43 D	44 N	■	45 Q	46 X	47 K	48 L	49 U	■	50 Z	51 M
52 H	53 L	54 J	55 W	■	56 K	57 F	58 R	59 M	60 C	61 S	62 Z¹	■	63 S	64 T	65 G	■
66 O	67 N	■	68 Z	69 V	70 D	■	71 R	72 G	73 X	■	74 A	75 K	■	76 X	77 A	78 D
79 B	80 O	81 P	82 W	■	83 R	84 Y	■	85 U	86 V	87 D	88 E	■	89 C	90 Z¹	91 X	92 M
93 Z	94 T	95 S	96 V	97 B	■	98 S	99 R	100 O	101 C	102 A	103 F	104 P	■	105 C	106 E	107 D
■	108 S	109 X	110 O	111 K	112 C	113 Z¹	114 P	115 G	116 M	■	117 D	118 Y	119 F	■	120 B	121 N
122 H	■	123 N	124 L	125 Z¹	126 R	■	127 H	128 I	129 S	130 B	131 G	132 R	133 C	■	134 W	135 Q
136 C	■	137 Q	138 N	139 K	■	140 M	141 I	142 P	143 V	144 E	145 Y	146 D	147 U	148 N	■	149 W
150 T	151 Z	152 O	153 P	154 J	■	155 D	156 W	■	157 R	158 W	159 K	160 E	■	161 Z	162 B	163 Z¹
164 Y	■	165 N	166 H	167 A	■	168 X	169 Z	170 H	171 M	172 Y	173 F	■	174 Q	175 N	176 O	■
177 Y	178 Z¹	179 S	180 A	181 E	182 Z	■	183 Z¹	184 U	185 K	186 W	187 X	■	188 W	189 J	190 V	191 C
192 R	193 X	■	194 T	195 W	196 X	197 Y	■	198 U	199 T	■	■	■	■	■	■	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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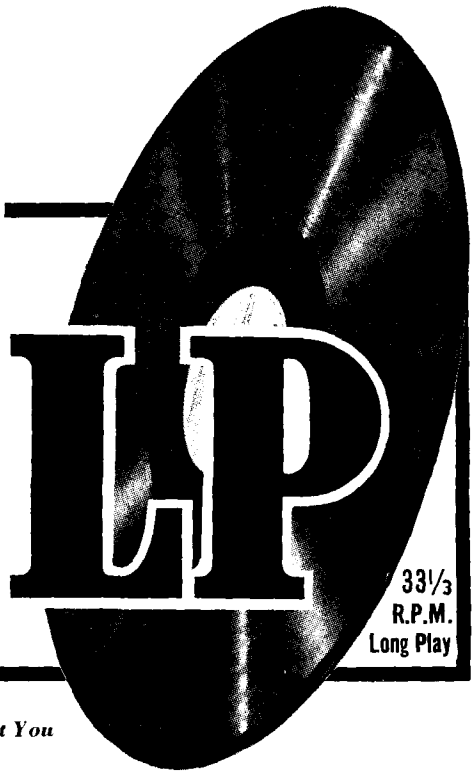

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MOUSSORGSKY: *Night on Bald Mountain.* Netherlands Philharmonic Orchestra; Walter Goehr, conductor.

☐ **MOZART:** *Piano Concerto No. 20 in D Minor.* Frank Pelleg, pianist; Musical Masterworks Symphony Orchestra; Walter Goehr, conductor.

☐ **WAGNER:** *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg. (Preludes to Acts I and III).* Zurich Tonhalle Orchestra; Otto Ackermann, conductor.
WAGNER: *Tannhaeuser (Overture).* Zurich Tonhalle Orchestra; Otto Ackermann, conductor.

☐ **CHOPIN:** *Piano Concerto No. 2 in F Minor.* Mewton Wood, pianist, Radio Zurich Orchestra; Walter Goehr, conductor.

☐ **HAYDN:** *Symphony No. 96 in D Major. "Miracle".* Winterthur Symphony Orchestra; Walter Goehr conductor.
HAYDN: *Isola Disabitata (Overture).* Zurich Tonhalle Orchestra; Otto Ackermann, conductor.

☐ **BIZET:** *Symphony in C Major.* Utrecht Symphony Orchestra; Paul Hupperts, conductor.

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